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# THE

# *SHIPWRECK.*

BY

## WILLIAM FALCONER.

———quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui ———

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THE

# FIRST CANTO

OF

# THE SHIPWRECK.

## ARGUMENT.

Propoſal of the ſubject—Invocation—Apology—Allegorical deſcription of Memory—Appeal to her aſſiſtance—The ſtory begun—Retroſpect of the former part of the voyage—The ſhip arrives at *Candia*—Ancient ſtate of that iſland—Preſent ſtate of the adjacent iſles of *Greece*—The ſeaſon of the year—Character of the maſter and his officers—Story of PALEMON and ANNA—Evening deſcribed—Midnight—The ſhip weighs anchor and departs from the haven—State of the weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring ſhores—Operation of taking the ſun's azimuth—Deſcription of the veſſel as ſeen from the land.

The SCENE is near the city of Candia; and the TIME about four days and a half.

THE

# SHIPWRECK.

## CANTO I.

WHILE jarring intereſts wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the ſcene, where War with ruthleſs hand
Spreads deſolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin ſmile, and drowns the groan of Death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That ſtands all lonely on the ſea-beat ſhore,

Far other themes of deep diſtreſs to ſing
Than ever trembled from the vocal ſtring.
No pomp of battle ſwells th' exalted ſtrain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain;
But, o'er the ſcene while pale Remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hoſtile elements tumultuous riſe,
And lawleſs floods rebel againſt the ſkies;
Till Hope expires, and Peril and Diſmay
Wave their black enſigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guide the maze of ſong;
To whom all ſcience, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly ſtray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd ſhade,
To hear the ſweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecſtaſy of pain;
Or liſten, while th' enchanting voice of Love,
While all Elyſium warbled thro' the grove:

Oh! by the hollow blaſt that moans around,
That ſweeps the wild harp with a plaintive ſound;
By the long ſurge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whoſe vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colors give my verſe to glow,
The ſad memorial of a tale of woe!
A ſcene from dumb oblivion to reſtore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas! neglected by the ſacred Nine,
Their ſuppliant feels no genial ray divine;
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy ſhore,
To plough the tide where wintry tempeſts roar?
Or ſhall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train?—
Far from the Muſes' academic grove,
'Twas his the vaſt and trackleſs deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar ſkies congeal th' eternal ſnow,
Or equinoctial ſuns for ever glow.

Smote by the freezing or the ſcorching blaſt,
'A ſhip boy on the high and giddy maſt,'
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coaſts of ſavage Labrador.
From where Damaſcus, pride of Aſian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the iſthmus*, lav'd by adverſe tides,
Atlantic and Pacific ſeas divides.
But while he meaſur'd o'er the painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chaſe,
Adverſity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron ſway;
Bade new diſtreſſes every inſtant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where th' ALMIGHTY's chaſtening hand
With livid peſtilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale Famine blaſts the hopeful year,
Parent of Want and Miſery ſevere!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hoſtile ſhips in flaming combat join:

Ver. 52. Shakeſpear. * Darien.

Where the torn veſſel wind and wave aſſail,
Till o'er her crew diſtreſs and death prevail.—
Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive Fate,
Purſued his weary ſteps with laſting hate!
Rous'd by her mandate, ſtorms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the ſinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling ſpark of vital fire.—
Thus while forgotten or unknown he wooes,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muſe!
Then let not Cenſure, with malignant joy,
The harveſt of his humble hope deſtroy!
His verſe no laurel-wreath attempts to claim,
Nor ſculptur'd braſs to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phraſes, wound
The ſofter ſenſe with inharmonious ſound,
Yet here let liſtening Sympathy prevail,
While conſcious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!
And lo! the Power that wakes th'eventful ſong,
Haſtes hither from Lethean banks along:

She ſweeps the gloom, and ruſhing on the ſight,
Spreads o'er the kindling ſcene propitious light!—
In her right-hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wiſe and noble art of man,
Since firſt the circling hours their courſe began.
Her left a ſilver wand on high diſplay'd,
Whoſe magic touch diſpels Oblivion's ſhade.
Penſive her look; on radiant wings that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She ſails; and ſwifter than the courſe of light
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas ſhe reſtores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's ſhores.
To things long paſt a ſecond date ſhe gives,
And hoary Time from her freſh youth receives.
Congenial ſiſter of immortal Fame,
She ſhares her power, and MEMORY is her name.
O firſt-born daughter of primeval Time!
By whom tranſmitted down in every clime,

The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories ſpread from zone to zone;
Whoſe breath diſſolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obſcur'd idea pours the light!
Whoſe wing unerring glides thro' time and place,
And trackleſs ſcours th' immenſity of ſpace;
Say! on what ſeas, for thou alone canſt tell,
What dire miſhap a fated ſhip befel,
Aſſail'd by tempeſts, girt with hoſtile ſhores?—
Ariſe! approach! unlock thy treaſur'd ſtores!

---

A ſhip from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her courſe for Venice held:
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew;
And from that iſle her name the veſſel drew.
The wayward ſteps of Fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they purſu'd:
And, dazzled by her viſionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal ſnare,

Tho' warn'd full oft the ſlippery track to ſhun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
Beguil'd to danger thus they left behind
The ſcene of peace, and ſocial joy reſign'd.
Long abſent they, from friends and native home,
The cheerleſs ocean were inur'd to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to ſevere diſtreſs,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with ſucceſs;
Still to atone for toils and hazards paſt,
Reſtor'd them to maternal plains at laſt.

Thrice had the ſun, to rule the varying year,
Acroſs th' equator roll'd his flaming ſphere,
Since laſt the veſſel ſpread her ample ſail
From Albion's coaſt, obſequious to the gale.
She o'er the ſpacious flood, from ſhore to ſhore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial ſtore.
The richeſt ports of Afric ſhe had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her courſe purſu'd:
Had left behind Trinacria's burning iſle,
And viſited the margin of the Nile.

And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage haſtens to its goal,
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blaſt their hope foreſaw;
But from gay Venice, ſoon expect to ſteer
For Britain's coaſt, and dread no perils near.
A thouſand tender thoughts their ſouls employ,
That fondly dance to ſcenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathleſs tide,
Their ſhip thro' Grecian ſeas the pilots guide.
Occaſion call'd to touch at Candia's ſhore,
Which, bleſt with favoring winds, they ſoon explore:
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Diſpatch their commerce, and prepare to ſail.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of deſolating War!
Here Art and Commerce, with auſpicious reign,
Once breath'd ſweet influence on the happy plain:
While o'er the lawn, with dance and feſtive ſong,
Young Pleaſure led the jocund hours along.

In gay luxuriance Ceres too was ſeen
To crown the vallies with eternal green.
For wealth, for valor, courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The freeborn ſpirit of her ſons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
No longer Fame the drooping heart inſpires,
For rude Oppreſſion quench'd its genial fires.
But ſtill her fields, with golden harveſts crown'd,
Supply the barren ſhores of Greece around.
What pale diſtreſs afflicts thoſe wretched iſles!
There Hope ne'er dawns, and Pleaſure never ſmiles.
The vaſſal wretch obſequious drags his chain,
And hears his famiſh'd babes lament in vain.
Theſe eyes have ſeen the dull reluctant ſoil
A ſeventh year ſcorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the deſert ſhore,
Now views, with triumph, captive gods adore.
No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.

No fair Penelopes inchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here ſullen Beauty ſheds a twilight ray,
While Sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.
Thoſe charms, ſo long renown'd in claſſic ſtrains,
Had dimly ſhone on Albion's happier plains!
Now, in the ſouthern hemiſphere, the ſun
Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run;
And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ſhip was moor'd beſide the wave-worn ſtrand;
Four days her anchors bite the golden ſand:
For ſickening vapours lull the air to ſleep,
And not a breeze awakes the ſilent deep.
This, when th'autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching ſtorms.
True to his truſt when ſacred duty calls,
No brooding ſtorm the maſter's ſoul appals;

Th' advancing ſeaſon warns him to the main :—
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain !
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to ſail from Candia's bay ;
Determin'd, from whatever point they riſe,
To truſt his fortune to the ſeas and ſkies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whoſe voluntary gleams my verſe inſpire !
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail,
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
Th' unbleſt purſuit of fortune hither drew !
Can ſons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for ſordid gold ?

They can ! for gold, too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulſe of the heart :
This crowns the proſperous villain with applauſe,
To whom in vain ſad Merit pleads her cauſe :
This ſtrews with roſes life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleaſure's bleſt abode ;

With ſlaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And ſmooths the furrows of the treacherous main.
O'er the gay veſſel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd ALBERT held the chief command.
Tho' train'd in boiſterous elements, his mind
Was yet by ſoft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confeſt the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, juſt! the calm domeſtic ſcene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay ſerene.
Him Science taught by myſtic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ſhip in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by ſeas repell'd;
Or point her devious track thro' climes unknown,
That leads to every ſhore and every zone.
He ſaw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and ſink the poles,

Light and attraction, from their genial ſource,
He ſaw ſtill wandering with diminiſh'd force:
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's ſhadowy cone reluctant melts away—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd ſoul,
The chief beheld tempeſtuous oceans roll;
His genius, ever for th' event prepar'd,
Roſe with the ſtorm, and all its dangers ſhar'd.

The ſecond powers and office RODMOND bore;
A hardy ſon of England's furtheſt ſhore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her ſavage train
In ſable ſquadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails ſtor'd, reſort,
A ſooty tribe! to fair Auguſta's port.
Where'er in ambuſh lurk the fatal ſands,
They claim the danger; proud of ſkilful bands;
For while with darkling courſe their veſſels ſweep
The winding ſhore, or plough the faithleſs deep,
O'er bar and ſhelf the watery path they ſound,
With dexterous arm; ſagacious of the ground!

Ver. 268. A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a maſs of

Fearleſs they combat every hoſtile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with courſe inclin'd.
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undiſciplin'd in war.
Such RODMOND was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boiſterous of manners; train'd in early youth,
To ſcenes that ſhame the conſcious cheek of Truth;
To ſcenes that Nature's ſtruggling voice control,
And freeze compaſſion riſing in the ſoul!
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the ſhore,
With foul intent the ſtranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Juſtice ſlumbers o'er her ſword—
Th' indignant Muſe, ſeverely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme ſhe bluſhes to reveal!

earth or ſand collected by the ſurge of the ſea, at the entrance of a river or haven; ſo as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

Too oft example, arm'd with poiſons fell,
Pollutes the ſhrine where Mercy loves to dwell;
Thus RODMOND, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The ſacred ſocial paſſions never knew;
Unſkill'd to argue; in diſpute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honors proud;
In art unſchool'd; each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily deſpis'd;
Yet tho' full oft to future perils blind,
With ſkill ſuperior glow'd his daring mind,
Thro' ſnares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight ſhades involve the raging tide.

To RODMOND next in order of command,
Succeeds the youngeſt of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the ſons of Fame!
While yet a ſtripling, oft with fond alarms,
His boſom danc'd to Nature's boundleſs charms.
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower:

But frowning Fortune with untimely blaſt,
The bloſſom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercaſt.
Forlorn of heart, and by ſevere decree,
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithleſs ſea,
With long farewel he left the laurel grove,
Where ſcience and the tuneful ſiſters rove.—
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more:
To penetrate each diſtant realm unknown,
And range excurſive o'er th' untravel'd zone.
In vain!—for rude Adverſity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his ſteps oppos'd,
And every gate of Hope againſt him clos'd.
Permit my verſe, ye bleſt Pierian train,
To call ARION this ill-fated ſwain!
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant ſtars their hoſtile influence ſhed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conſcious anguiſh taught the harp to weep:

And both the raging ſurge in ſafety bore,
Amid deſtruction, panting to the ſhore.
This laſt our tragic ſtory from the wave
Of dark Oblivion haply yet may ſave:
With genuine ſympathy may yet complain,
While ſad Remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravel'd courſe by geometric line;
Train'd to command, and range the various ſail,
Whoſe various force conforms to every gale.—
Charg'd with the commerce, hither alſo came
A gallant youth, PALEMON was his name:
A father's ſtern reſentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for ALBERT'S beauteous daughter bled;
For her a ſecret flame his boſom fed.
Nor let the wretched ſlaves of Folly ſcorn
This genuine paſſion, Nature's eldeſt born!
'Twas his with laſting anguiſh to complain,
While blooming ANNA mourn'd the cauſe in vain.

Graceful of form, by Nature taught to pleaſe,
Of power to melt the female breaſt with eaſe,
To her PALEMON told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale:
O'erjoy'd he ſaw her lovely eyes relent;
The bluſhing maiden ſmil'd with ſweet conſent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By fond ſociety their paſſion grew,
Like the young bloſſom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the ſecret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger ſtruggling in his breaſt,
PALEMON's father heard the tale confeſt.
Long had he liſten'd with Suſpicion's ear,
And learnt, ſagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to Nature's warm impreſſions true;
Full oft his wiſdom ſtrove, with fruitleſs toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous ſoil:

That ſoil impregnated with nobler ſeed,
Refus'd the culture of ſo rank a weed.
Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
And baſking in the ſmile of Fortune's ſun,
With ſcorn the parent eyed the lowly ſhade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid:
Indignant he rebuk'd the enamour'd boy,
The flattering promiſe of his future joy!
He ſooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeleſs paſſion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The raviſh'd ſenſe, or beauty charms the ſight.
With all her powers inchanting Muſic fail'd,
And Pleaſure's ſyren voice no more prevail'd.
The Merchant, kindling then with proud diſdain,
In look and voice aſſum'd an harſher ſtrain.
In abſence now his only hope remain'd;
And ſuch the ſtern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguiſh, while PALEMON heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a ſaddening gloom:

In vain with bitter ſorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that ſordid mind;
To thee, brave ALBERT! was the charge conſign'd.
The ſtately ſhip, forſaking England's ſhore,
To regions far remote PALEMON bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair ANNA with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart ſtill panted for its ſecret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him ſince young ARION firſt was known;
Who wandering here thro' many a ſcene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the veſſel found;
Where, anxious to review his native ſhore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft, by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him PALEMON kept the watch of night;
In whoſe ſad boſom many a ſigh ſuppreſt,
Some painful ſecret of the ſoul confeſt.
Perhaps ARION ſoon the cauſe divin'd,
Tho' ſhunning ſtill to probe a wounded mind;

He felt the chaſtity of ſilent woe,
Tho' glad the balm of comfort to beſtow,
He, with PALEMON, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapleſs love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by the adjacent ſhore.
The ſcene thus preſent, and its ſtory known,
The lover ſigh'd for ſorrows not his own.
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendſhip bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore:
For in one tide their paſſions ſeem'd to roll,
By kindred-age and ſympathy of ſoul.

Theſe o'er th' inferior naval train preſide,
The courſe determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the reſt, an undiſtinguiſh'd crew!
Her wing of deepeſt ſhade Oblivion drew.

A ſullen languor ſtill the ſkies oppreſt,
And held th' unwilling ſhip in ſtrong arreſt.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day;
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray,
Relax'd from toil the ſailors range the ſhore,
Where famine, war, and ſtorm are felt no more:

The hour to ſocial pleaſure they reſign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the ſhading canvas ſpread,
RODMOND a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coaſt;
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghoſt—
But with ARION, from the ſultry heat
Of noon, PALEMON ſought a cool retreat,
And lo! the ſhore with mournful proſpects crown'd;
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the ſtrand;
Bewail the ſtroke of War's tremendous hand.
What ſcenes of woe this hapleſs iſle o'erſpread!
Where late thrice fifty thouſand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve ſummers were yon towers aſſail'd,
Till barbarous Ottoman at laſt prevail'd:

Ver. 438. The intelligent reader will readily diſcover that theſe remarks allude to the ever-memorable ſiege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then conſidered as impregnable, and eſteemed the moſt formidable fortreſs in the univerſe.

While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
But now before them happier ſcenes ariſe!
Elyſian vales ſalute their raviſh'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful ſhade,
Where light with gay romantic error ſtray'd.
The myrtles here with fond careſſes twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the ſtream renown'd in claſſic ſong,
Sad Lethe, glides the ſilent vale along.
On moſſy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region languor ſtole,
And with ſweet melancholy charm'd the ſoul.
Here firſt PALEMON, while his penſive mind
For conſolation on his friend reclin'd,
In Pity's bleeding boſom pour'd the ſtream
Of Love's ſoft anguiſh, and of grief ſupreme—
Too true thy words!—by ſweet remembrance taught,
My heart in ſecret bleeds with tender thought:

In vain it courts the ſolitary ſhade,
By every action, every look betray'd!—
The pride of generous woe diſdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting froſts congeal.
Yet ſure, if right PALEMON can divine,
The ſenſe of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy ſympathy ſhall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.
ALBERT thou know'ſt with ſkill and ſcience grac'd;
In humble ſtation tho' by fortune plac'd,
Yet never ſeaman more ſerenely brave
Led Britain's conqu'ring ſquadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Auguſta's ſpires are ſeen,
With flowery lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling ſtands in modeſt pride,
Where Thames ſlow-winding rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleaſure of his life,
A pious daughter and a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object theſe prepare;

Whatever can allure the ſmell or ſight,
Or wake the drooping ſpirits to delight.

This blooming maid in Virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd.
Her ſpotleſs ſoul, where ſoft compaſſion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no ſickening folly ſtain'd.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whoſe boſom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconſcious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquiſite alarms:
Her face, in Beauty's ſweet attraction dreſt,
The ſmile of maiden-innocence expreſt;
While Health, that riſes with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the ſofteſt bluſh of May.
Still in her look Complacence ſmil'd ſerene:
She mov'd the charmer of the rural ſcene.

'Twas at that ſeaſon when the fields reſume
Their lovelieſt hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ſhip, rich freighted from th' Italian ſhore,
To Thames' fair banks her coſtly tribute bore:

While thus my father ſaw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treaſures ſtor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he ſent
To ALBERT's humble manſion; ſoon I went,
Too ſoon, alas! unconſcious of th' event—
There, ſtruck with ſweet ſurpriſe and ſilent awe,
The gentle miſtreſs of my hopes I ſaw:
There, wounded firſt by Love's reſiſtleſs arms,
My glowing boſom throbb'd with ſtrange alarms.
My ever charming ANNA! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
Oh! while all-conſcious Memory holds her power,
Can I forget that ſweetly-painful hour,
When from thoſe eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering ſpirits firſt th' infection caught:
When, as I gaz'd, my faultering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid:
While the dim light my raviſh'd eyes forſook,
And ev'ry limb unſtrung with terror ſhook!
With all her powers diſſenting Reaſon ſtrove
To tame at firſt the kindling flame of Love;

She ſtrove in vain ; ſubdu'd by charms divine
My ſoul a victim fell at Beauty's ſhrine.
Oft from the din of buſtling life I ſtray'd,
In happier ſcenes to ſee my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We rov'd at evening hour thro' flowery meads.
There, while my heart's ſoft anguiſh I reveal'd,
To her with tender ſighs my hope appeal'd.
While the ſweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her ſnowy breaſt with ſecret tumult heav'd ;
For, train'd in rural ſcenes from earlieſt youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city-damſel's art,
Whoſe frothy pertneſs charms the vacant heart!—
My ſuit prevail'd; for Love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips perſuaſion hung.
Her eyes with conſcious ſympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the roſy current flew.—
Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's faireſt ſunſhine gilds the vernal day!

For here the ſigh that ſoft Affection heaves,
From ſtings of ſharper woe the ſoul relieves.
Elyſian ſcenes, too happy long to laſt!—,
Too ſoon a ſtorm the ſmiling dawn o'ercaſt!
Too ſoon ſome demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguiſh tore.—
My pride to kindle, with diſſuaſive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleaſure, ſought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawleſs wind:
For Love had aim'd the fatal ſhaft too ſure;
Hope fed the wound, and Abſence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he ſaw
Still baffled by ſuperior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various ſchemes revolv'd;
At laſt on cruel exile he reſolv'd.
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguiſh to complain!

His ſoul that never Love's ſweet influence felt,
By ſocial ſympathy could never melt ;
With ſtern command to ALBERT's charge he gave
To waft PALEMON o'er the diſtant wave.
The ſhip was laden and prepar'd to ſail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that ſad period, firſt to prove
The heart-felt torments of deſpairing love.
Th' impatient wiſh that never feels repoſe ;
Deſire that with perpetual current flows :
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
Joy diſtant ſtill, and ſorrow ever near !
Thus, while the pangs of thought ſeverer grew,
The weſtern breezes inauſpicious blew,
Haſtening the moment of our laſt adieu.
The veſſel parted on the falling tide ;
Yet Time one ſacred hour to Love ſupply'd.
The night was ſilent, and, advancing faſt,
The moon o'er Thames her ſilver mantle caſt,
Impatient Hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my ſoul ador'd.

Soon her quick footſteps ſtruck my liſtening ear!
She came confeſt! the lovely maid drew near!
But, ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
Oh! ye whoſe melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecſtaſies of genuine love!
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your ſecret ſympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing boſom ſwell:
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While Love with ſweet enchantment melts the ſoul!
In tranſport loſt, by trembling hope impreſt,
The bluſhing virgin ſunk upon my breaſt;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms:
Diſſolving ſoftneſs! paradiſe of charms!—
Flaſh'd from our eyes, in warm transfuſion flew
Our blending ſpirits that each other drew!
O bliſs ſupreme! where Virtue's ſelf can melt
With joys that guilty Pleaſure never felt!

Form'd to refine the thought with chaſte deſire,
And kindle ſweet Affection's pureſt fire!
Ah! wherefore ſhould my hopeleſs love, ſhe cries,
While ſorrow burſt with interrupting ſighs,
For ever deſtin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart thro' ſcenes of fair illuſion ſtray'd,
To joys decreed for ſome ſuperior maid.
'Tis mine to feel the ſharpeſt ſtings of Grief,
Where never gentle Hope affords relief.
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone!
And let this tortur'd boſom beat alone!
The hovering anger yet thou may'ſt appeaſe;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithleſs ſeas!
Find out ſome happier daughter of the town,
With Fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;
Where ſmiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Proſperity ſhall hail each new-born day.
Too well thou know'ſt good ALBERT's niggard fate
Ill fitted to ſuſtain thy father's hate;

Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove!
On me alone let dark affliction fall!
Whoſe heart, for thee, will gladly ſuffer all.
Then haſte thee hence, PALEMON, ere too late,
Nor raſhly hope to brave oppoſing Fate!
She ceas'd: while anguiſh in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties ſhower'd celeſtial grace.
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half ſo lovely as this gentle maid.
O ſoul of all my wiſhes! I reply'd,
Can that ſoft fabric ſtem Affliction's tide?
Canſt thou, fair emblem of exalted Truth!
To Sorrow doom the ſummer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that ſweetneſs ſee
Conſign'd to laſting miſery for me?
Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
PALEMON in the ſilent earth entomb!
Atteſt thou, Moon, fair regent of the night!
Whoſe luſtre ſickens at this mournful ſight;

By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That ſweet poſſeſſion only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where Fate and Ruin ſad dominion keep;
Tho' tyrant Duty o'er me threatening ſtands,
And claims obedience to her ſtern commands:
Should Fortune cruel or auſpicious prove,
Her ſmile or frown ſhall never change my love!
My heart, that now muſt every joy reſign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!—
Oh, ceaſe to weep! this ſtorm will yet decay,
And the ſad clouds of Sorrow melt away.
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taſte the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in ſplendid wretchedneſs complain.
For this, Proſperity with brighter ray
In ſmiling contraſt gilds our vital day.
Thou, too, ſweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er
Shalt hail PALEMON to his native ſhore,
Where never Intereſt ſhall divide us more.

Her ſtruggling ſoul o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of ſhort relief;
So melts the ſurface of the frozen ſtream,
Beneath the wintry ſun's departing beam.
With warning haſte the ſhades of night withdrew,
And gave the ſignal of a ſad adieu.
As on my neck the afflicted maiden hung,
A thouſand racking doubts her ſpirit wrung.
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With ſoft perſuaſion I diſpell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
While dying fondneſs languiſh'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her ſoul to heaven in ſuppliant ſighs—
Look down with pity, O ye powers above!
Who hear the ſad complaint of bleeding Love!
Ye, who the ſecret laws of Fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wiſh'd atonement of long-ſuffer'd pain!

Bid every guardian miniſter attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!
—With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
And, urg'd by ſtrong attraction, met again.
At laſt, by cruel Fortune torn apart,
While tender paſſion ſtream'd in either heart;
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One ſad farewel, one laſt embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Penſive and pale; of every joy bereft.
She to her ſilent couch retir'd to weep,
While her ſad ſwain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus clos'd, from ſympathy of grief
PALEMON's boſom felt a ſweet relief;
The hapleſs bird, thus, raviſh'd from the ſkies,
Where all-forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
In ſecret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged mate;
Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
Compos'd at length, his ſadly-warbling ſtrain
In ſweet oblivion charms the ſenſe of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whoſe pathetic ſouls
Compaſſion's ſacred ſtream impetuous rolls;
Whoſe warm affections exquiſitely feel
The ſecret wound you tremble to reveal!
Ah! may no wanderer of the faithleſs main,
Pour thro' your breaſt the ſoft delicious bane!
May never fatal tenderneſs approve
The fond effuſions of their ardent love.
Oh! warn'd by Friendſhip's counſel, learn to ſhun
The fatal path where thouſands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
Firſt, with attention rouz'd, ARION eyed
The graceful lover, form'd in Nature's pride.
His frame the happieſt ſymmetry diſplay'd;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
In every look the Paphian graces ſhine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
With lighten'd heart he ſmil'd ſerenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the ſon of May.

Not Cytherea from a fairer ſwain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain!
The ſun's bright orb, declining all ſerene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland ſcene.
Creation ſmiles around; on every ſpray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe ſkipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were ſeen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The cryſtal ſtreams that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glaſſy ocean huſh'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the ſandy ſhore:
And lo! his ſurface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the weſt a ſea of living gold!
While, all above, a thouſand liveries gay
The ſkies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian ſweets perfume the happy plains;
Above, beneath, around inchantment reigns!

While yet the ſhades on Time's eternal ſcale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the ſongſters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the ſoul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive maſter ſees
Th' auſpicious omens of an eaſtern breeze—
Now radiant Veſper leads the ſtarry train,
And Night ſlow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charg'd bowl the ſailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or ſing;
As love or battle, hardſhips of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely ſtrain:
Then ſome the watch of night alternate keep,
The reſt lie buried in oblivious ſleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid ſkies,
While infant breezes from the ſhore ariſe.
The waning moon, behind a watery ſhroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her ſilver throne,
With parting meteors croſs'd, portentous ſhone.

This in the troubled ſky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a ſignal of tempeſtuous gales.—
While young ARION ſleeps, before his ſight
Tumultuous ſwim the viſions of the night.
Now blooming ANNA with her happy ſwain
Approach'd the ſacred Hymeneal fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flaſh between;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are ſeen!
Now with PALEMON up a rocky ſteep,
Whoſe ſummit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful ſtep he climb'd; while far above
Sweet ANNA charm'd them with the voice of love.
Then ſudden from the ſlippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of Hell.—
Amid this fearful trance a thundering ſound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upſtarting from his couch, on deck he ſprung;
Thrice with ſhrill note the boatſwain's whiſtle rung.
*All hands unmoor!* proclaims a boiſterous cry:
*All hands unmoor!* the cavern'd rocks reply.

Rous'd from repoſe, aloft the ſailors ſwarm,
And with their levers ſoon the windlaſs arm.
The order given, up ſpringing with a bound,
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round;
At every turn the clanging pauls reſound.
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor riſes o'er the wave.
Along their ſlippery maſts the yards aſcend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the veſſel o'er the ſilver ſtream:
Along the glaſſy plain ſerene ſhe glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her ſides.
From eaſt to north the tranſient breezes play,
And in the Egyptian quarter ſoon decay.

Ver. 791. The windlaſs is a ſort of large roller, uſed to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically, by a number of long bars or levers; in which operation it is prevented from recoiling by the *pauls*, ver. 794.

A calm enſues; they dread the adjacent ſhore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are ſent before:
With cordage faſten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to ſea the ſtately ſhip they tow.
The nervous crew their ſweeping oars extend,
And pealing ſhouts the ſhore of Candia rend.
Succeſs attends their ſkill; the danger's o'er;
The port is doubled and beheld no more.
Now Morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the ſight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But ſternly frowning, wrapt in ſullen ſhade.
Above incumbent vapors, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the ſight.
North-eaſt the guardian iſle of Standia lies,
And weſtward Freſchin's woody capes ariſe.
With whining poſtures now the wanton ſails
Spread all their ſnares to charm th' inconſtant gales.

Ver. 810. Towing is the operation of drawing a ſhip forward by means of ropes extending from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

The ſwelling ſtud-ſails now their wings extend,
Then ſtay-ſails ſidelong to the breeze aſcend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.
The dim horizon lowering vapors ſhroud,
And blot the ſun yet ſtruggling in the cloud:
Thro' the wide atmoſphere, condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a ſanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The myſtic needle's devious aim to try.
The compaſs plac'd to catch the riſing ray,
The quadrant's ſhadows ſtudious they ſurvey!
Along the arch the gradual index ſlides.
While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides.

Ver. 825, 826. Studding-ſails are long, narrow ſails, which are only uſed in fine weather and fair winds, on the outſide of the larger ſquare-ſails. Stay-ſails are three-cornered ſails, which are hoiſted up on the ſtays, when the wind croſſes the ſhip's courſe, either directly or obliquely.

Ver. 835. The operation of taking the ſun's azimuth, in order to diſcover the eaſtern or weſtern variation of the magnetic needle.

Now, ſeen on ocean's utmoſt verge to ſwim,
He ſweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their ſage experience thus explores the height,
And polar diſtance of the ſource of light:
Then thro' the chiliad's triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place,
The wayward ſteel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more th' attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.

The natives, while the ſhip departs the land,
Aſhore with admiration gazing ſtand.
Majeſtically ſlow, before the breeze,
In ſilent pomp ſhe marches on the ſeas.
Her milk-white bottom caſts a ſofter gleam,
While trembling thro' the green tranſlucent ſtream.
The wales, that cloſe above in contraſt ſhone,
Claſp the long fabric with a jetty zone.

Ver. 853. The wales here alluded to are an aſſemblage of ſtrong planks which envelop the lower part of the ſhip's ſide, wherein they are broader and thicker than the reſt, and appear ſomewhat like a range of hoops which ſeparates the bottom from the upper-works.

BRITANNIA, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vaſſal-wave that roll'd below:
Where'er ſhe mov'd, the vaſſal-waves were ſeen
To yield obſequious and confeſs their queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the ſurge like Moſes' wand,
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her ſquadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a myſtic ſhield,
Around whoſe margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her bold Genius in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the ſtorm of war—
And lo! the beaſts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into *Union*, yok'd in friendſhip's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquiſh'd main.
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal ſhield from Neptune ſhe receiv'd,
When firſt her head above the waters heav'd.

Looſe floated o'er her limbs an azure veſt;
A figur'd ſcutcheon glitter'd on her breaſt;
There, from one parent ſoil, for ever young,
The blooming roſe and hardy thiſtle ſprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was ſeen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the ſculptur'd prow—from van to rear
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave,
The ſwelling ſides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad ſtern a pencil warm and bold,
That never ſervile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius in the youth expreſt
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confeſt,
The warlike nymph with fond regard ſurvey'd:
No more his hoſtile frown her heart diſmay'd.
His look, that once ſhot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,

Serene as ſummer's evening ſkies ſhe ſaw;
Serene, yet firm; tho' mild, impreſſing awe.
Her nervous arm inur'd to toils ſevere,
Brandiſh'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian ſpear.
The dreadful faulchion of the hills ſhe wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hoſtile gore.
Blue was her rocky ſhield; her piercing eye
Flaſh'd like the meteors of her native ſky,
Her creſt, high-plum'd, was rough with many a ſcar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern ſtar.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame;
The hardy offſpring of ſome Runic dame;
Looſe o'er his ſhoulders hung the ſlacken'd bow,
Renown'd in ſong, the terror of the foe!
The ſword that oft the barbarous North defy'd,
The ſcourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his ſide.
Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
The *George* emblazon'd on his corſelet ſhone.
Faſt by his ſide was ſeen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;

Whoſe ſtrings unlock the witches' midnight ſpell,
Or waft rapt Fancy thro' the gulphs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The ſongs of Heaven! the muſic of the ſpheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing thro' air ſhe flies,
Where other ſuns to other ſyſtems riſe!—
Theſe front the ſcene conſpicuous—overhead
Albion's proud oak his filial branches ſpread:
While on the ſea-beat ſhore obſequious ſtood
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood—
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There, on the watch, ſagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an Engliſh maſtiff lay.
Yonder fair Commerce ſtretch'd her winged ſail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep bluſhing armors all the tops inveſt;
And warlike trophies either quarter dreſt:

Then tower'd the maſts, the canvaſs ſwell'd on high,
And waving ſtreamers floated in the ſky.
Thus the rich veſſel moves in trim array,
Like ſome fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus, like a ſwan, ſhe cleaves the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
62
JUL

# THE SECOND CANTO OF THE SHIPWRECK.

## ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land—The gale continues—A water-ſpout—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The ſhip's progreſs along the ſhore—Wind ſtrengthens—The ſails reduced—A ſhoal of porpoiſes—Laſt appearance of *Cape Spado*—Sea riſes—A ſquall—The ſails further diminiſhed—Mainſail ſplit—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another mainſail fitted to the yard—The gale ſtill increaſes—Topſails furled—Top-gallant yards ſent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-ſet—Courſes reefed—Four ſeamen loſt off the lee main-yard-arm—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous ſituation—Reſolute behaviour of the ſailors—The ſhip labours in great diſtreſs—The artillery thrown overboard—Diſmal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous ſea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Conſultation and reſolution of the officers—Speech and advice of ALBERT to the crew—Neceſſary diſpoſition to veer before the wind—Diſappointment in the propoſed effect—New diſpoſitions equally unſucceſsful—The mizen-maſt cut away.

The SCENE lies in the ſea, between Cape Freſchin in Candia, and the iſland of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.—The TIME is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

THE

# SHIPWRECK.

## CANTO II.

ADIEU, ye pleaſures of the rural ſcene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell ſerene!
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific ſoil,
With ſummer crown'd th' Elyſian vallies ſmile!
To me thoſe happier ſcenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
For theſe, alas! reluctant I forego,
To viſit ſtorms and elements of woe!
Ye Tempeſts! o'er my head congenial roll,
To ſuit the mournful muſic of my ſoul!

In black progreſſion, lo! they hover near—
Hail, ſocial Horrors! like my fate ſevere!
Old Ocean, hail! beneath whoſe azure zone
The ſecret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the ſea,
And fearleſs view this awful ſcene with me!
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye bold aſſertors of her ſacred cauſe!
The Muſe invites you—judge if ſhe depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conſcious of her power,
Her ſteps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the ſmooth boſom of the faithleſs tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the veſſel glides.
RODMOND exulting felt th' auſpicious wind,
And by a myſtic charm its aim confin'd.—
The thoughts of home that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate PALEMON's ſoul:
Hope lifts his heart, before whoſe vivid ray
Diſtreſs recedes, and danger melts away.

Already Britain's parent-cliffs ariſe,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous ſailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
Even they th' impreſſive dart of Love can feel,
Whoſe ſtubborn ſouls are ſheath'd in triple ſteel.
Nor leſs o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth.
In diſtant boſoms equal ardors glow;
And mutual paſſions mutual joy beſtow.—
Tall Ida's ſummit now more diſtant grew,
And Jove's high hill was riſing on the view:
When, from the left approaching, they deſcry
A liquid column towering ſhoot on high.
The foaming baſe an angry whirlwind ſweeps,
Where curling billows rouſe the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror thro' the ſkies.
The ſwift volution and the enormous train
Let ſages vers'd in Nature's lore explain!

The horrid apparition ſtill draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling ſurges fly!
The guns were prim'd—the veſſel northward veers
Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful ſound,
Convulſive, ſhook the ſlumbering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the ſky,
Burſt down a dreadful deluge from on high!
Th' affrighted ſurge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills diſclos'd th' abyſs of hell.
But ſoon, this tranſient undulation o'er,
The ſea ſubſides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While ſouthward now th' increaſing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the conſecrated grove
Of cypreſs, ſacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirſty canvaſs all around ſupplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aërial tide;
And now, approaching near the lofty ſtern,
A ſhoal of ſportive dolphins they diſcern.

From burniſh'd ſcales they beam'd refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean ſeems to blaze.
Soon to the ſport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or ſpread the baited ſnare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
RODMOND, unerring, o'er his head ſuſpends
The barbed ſteel, and every turn attends.
Unerring aim'd, the miſſile weapon flew,
And, plunging, ſtruck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk ſuſtain;
On deck he ſtruggles with convulſive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life eſcapes in ſanguine rills,
What radiant changes ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd ſight!
What glowing hues of mingled ſhade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid weſt,
With parting beams all o'er profuſely dreſt.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl th' enamel'd lawn;

Than from his ſides in bright ſuffuſion flow,
That now with gold empyreal ſeem to glow;
Now in pellucid ſapphires meet the view,
And emulate the ſoft celeſtial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimſon on the eye;
And now aſſume the purple's deeper dye.
But here deſcription clouds each ſhining ray—
What terms of Art can Nature's powers diſplay?
Now, while on high the freſhening gale ſhe feels,
The ſhip beneath her lofty preſſure reels.
Th' auxiliar ſails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high ſtations ſink by ſlow degrees.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent ſhore;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.—
The wind, that ſtill th' impreſſive canvaſs ſwell'd,
Swift and more ſwift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus ſhe glides along the coaſt,
Till far behind the hill of Jove is loſt:

And, while aloof from Retimo ſhe ſteers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon iſthmus ſtands the cypreſs grove
That once inclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
Here, too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb in marble ruins on the ground.
This gloomy tyrant, whoſe triumphant yoke
The trembling ſtates around to ſlavery broke,
Thro' Greece, for murder, rape, and inceſt known,
The Muſes rais'd to high Olympus' throne.—
For oft, alas! their venal ſtrains adorn
The prince whom bluſhing Virtue holds in ſcorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endleſs fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.
But ſee! in confluence borne before the blaſt,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the duſky noon o'ercaſt;
The blackening ocean curls; the winds ariſe;
And the dark ſcud in ſwift ſucceſſion flies.

Ver. 128. Scud is a name given by ſeamen to the loweſt clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmoſphere, in ſqually or tempeſtuous weather.

While the ſwoln canvaſs bends the maſts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie.
The ſailors, now, to give the ſhip relief,
Reduce the topſails by a ſingle reef.
Each lofty yard with ſlacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.
Down the tall maſts the topſails ſink amain;
And, ſoon reduc'd, aſſume their poſt again.
More diſtant grew receding Candia's ſhore;
And ſouthward of the weſt Cape Spado bore.

Ver. 130. When the wind croſſes a ſhip's courſe either directly or obliquely, that ſide of the ſhip, upon which it acts, is called the weather-ſide; and the oppoſite one, which is then preſt downwards, is called the lee-ſide. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ſhip are, at this time, diſtinguiſhed by the ſide on which they are ſituated; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

Ver. 132. The topſails are large ſquare ſails of the ſecond degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain diviſions or ſpaces by which the principal ſails are reduced when the wind increaſes; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

Four hours the ſun his high meridan throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions ſhone:
Still blacker clouds, that all the ſkies invade,
Draw o'er his ſullied orb a diſmal ſhade.
A ſquall deep low'ring blots the ſouthern ſky,
Before whoſe boiſterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topſails can no more ſuſtain,
*Reef topſails*, *reef*, the boatſwain calls again!
The haliards and top-bowlines ſoon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run:

Ver. 147. Haliards are either ſingle ropes or tackles, by which the ſails are hoiſted up and lowered when the ſail is to be extended or reduced.

Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward-edge of the ſail ſteady, and to prevent it from ſhaking in an unfavourable wind.

Ver. 148. Clue-lines are ropes uſed to truſs up the clues, or lower corners of the principal ſails, to their reſpective yards, particularly when the ſail is to be cloſe-reefed or furled.

Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef cloſe up to the yard, ſo that the interval becomes ſlack, and is therefore eaſily rolled up and faſtened to the yard by the points employed for this purpoſe. ver. 152.

The ſhivering ſails deſcend: and now they ſquare
The yards, while ready ſailors mount in air.
The weather-earings and the lee they paſt;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made faſt.
Their taſk above thus finiſh'd, they deſcend,
And vigilant th' approaching ſquall attend.
It comes reſiſtleſs, and with foaming ſweep,
Upturns the whitening ſurface of the deep.
In ſuch a tempeſt, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward ſiſters ſcour the blaſted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And ſtorm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her ſide the reeling veſſel lies—
Brail up the mizen quick! the maſter cries,

Ver. 151. Earings are ſmall cords by which the upper corners of the principal ſails, and alſo the extremities of the reefs, are faſtened to the yard-arms.

Ver. 162. The mizen is a large ſail of an oblong figure, extended upon the mizen-maſt.

Man the clue-garnets! let the main-ſheet fly!—
The boiſterous ſquall ſtill preſſes from on high,
And ſwift, and fatal as the lightning's courſe,
Thro' the torn main-ſail burſts with thundering force.
While the rent canvaſs flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the ſtooping bark inclin'd—
Bear up the helm a-weather! RODMOND cries;
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.

Ver. 163. Clue-garnets are employed for the ſame purpoſes on the main-ſail and fore-ſail as the clue-lines are upon all other ſquare-ſails. See note on ver 148.

It is neceſſary in this place to remark, that the ſheets, which are univerſally miſtaken by the Engliſh poets and their readers, for the ſails themſelves, are no other than the ropes uſed to extend the *clues*, or lower-corners of the ſails to which they are attached. To the main-ſail and fore-ſail there is a ſheet and a tack on each ſide; the latter of which is a thick rope ſerving to confine the weather-clue of the ſail down to the ſhip's ſide, whilſt the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the oppoſite ſide. Tacks are only uſed in a ſide-wind.

Ver. 169. The helm is ſaid to be *a-weather* when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the ſide of the ſhip next the wind.

The prow with ſecret inſtinct veers apace ;
And now the fore-ſail right athwart they brace :
With equal ſheets reſtrain'd the bellying ſail
Spreads a broad concave to the ſweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ſhip impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer the helm applies.
As in purſuit along the aërial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chaſe,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid ſpace ;
So, govern'd by the ſteerſman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion ſtill commands.
But now the tranſient ſquall to leeward paſt,
Again ſhe rallies to the ſullen blaſt.
The helm to ſtarboard turns—with wings inclin'd,
The ſidelong canvas claſps the faithleſs wind.

Ver. 176. Timoneer (from *timonnier*, Fr.) the helmſman, or ſteerſman.

Ver. 185. The helm being turned to ſtarboard, or to the right ſide of the ſhip, directs the prow to the left or to port,

The mizen draws; ſhe ſprings aloof once more,
While the fore ſtay-ſail balances before.
The foreſail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow the extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward ſheet the ſeamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the bowſprit-end.
To topſails next they haſte—the bunt-lines gone,
The clue-lines thro' their wheel'd machinery run:
On either ſide below the ſheets are mann'd:
Again the fluttering ſails their ſkirts expand.
Once more the topſails, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft their ancient poſt reſume.

and *vice verſa*. Hence the helm being put a-ſtarboard, when the ſhip is running northward, directs her prow towards the weſt.

Ver. 188. This ſail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmaſt-ſtay-ſail, is a triangular ſail that runs upon the fore topmaſt-ſtay, over the bowſprit. It is uſed to command the fore part of the ſhip, and counterbalance the ſails extended towards the ſtern. See alſo the laſt note of this Canto.

Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd,
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.
The ſail by whirlwinds thus ſo lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent.
With brails refix'd another ſoon prepar'd,
Aſcending, ſpreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
And ſoon their earings and their roebins bend.
That taſk perform'd, they firſt the braces ſlack,
Then to its ſtation drag th' unwilling tack ;

Ver. 199. A yard is ſaid to be braced when it is turned about the maſt horizontally, either to the right or left : the ropes employed in this ſervice are accordingly called braces.

Ver. 203. The ropes uſed to truſs up a ſail to the yard or maſt whereto it is attached, are in a general ſenſe called brails.

Ver. 205. The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the ſail is ſewed.

Ver. 206. Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are ſmall cords, uſed to faſten the upper edge of any ſail to its reſpective yard.

Ver. 207. Becauſe the lee-brace confines the yard ſo that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are caſt looſe.

And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the ſheet they tally and belay.
Now to the north, from Afric's burning ſhore,
A troop of porpoiſes their courſe explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide.
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in ſparkling trails along the main.
Theſe fleeteſt courſers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ætherial vault deface,
Their rout to leeward ſtill ſagacious form,
To ſhun the fury of th' approaching ſtorm.
Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the veſſel from th' inſulting ſea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
Rous'd from their ſecret deeps the billows roll.

Ver. 210. Taught implies ſtiff, tenſe, or extended ſtraight: and tally is a phraſe particularly applied to the operation of hauling *aft* the ſheets, or drawing them towards the ſhip's ſtern. To belay is to faſten.

Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly ſhore,
And all the ſcene an hoſtile aſpect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid,
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ſhip betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair diſguiſe,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.—
Toſt on the tide ſhe feels the tempeſt blow,
And dreads the vengeance of ſo fell a foe.
As the proud horſe, with coſtly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray,
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the ſhock of fight;
Even ſo, capariſon'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding veſſel dances on the tide.—
Fierce and more fierce the ſouthern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
The ſhip no longer can her topſails ſpread,
And every hope of fairer ſkies is fled.
Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and ſheets let fly amain;

Clued up each topſail, and by braces ſquar'd,
The ſeamen climb aloft on either yard.
They furl'd the ſail, and pointed to the wind
The yard by rolling tackles then confin'd.
While o'er the ſhip the gallant boatſwain flies,
Like a hoarſe maſtiff thro' the ſtorm he cries:
Prompt to direct th' unſkilful ſtill appears;
Th' expert he praiſes, and the fearful cheers.
Now ſome to ſtrike top-gallant-yards attend;
Some travellers up the weather-backſtays ſend;
At each maſt-head the top-ropes others bend.

Ver. 248. The rolling-tackle is an aſſemblage of pullies, uſed to confine the yard to the weather-ſide of the maſt, and prevent the former from rubbing againſt the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ſhip in a turbulent ſea.

Ver. 253. It is uſual to ſend down the top-gallant-yards on the approach of a ſtorm. They are the higheſt yards that are rigged in a ſhip.

Ver. 254. Travellers are ſlender iron rings, encircling the back-ſtays, and uſed to facilitate the hoiſting or lowering of the top-gallant-yards, by confining them to the back-ſtays,

The youngeſt ſailors from the yards above
Their parrels, lifts, and braces ſoon remove:
Then topt an-end, and to the trav'lers tied,
Charg'd with their ſails, they down the backſtays ſlide.
The yards ſecure along the booms reclin'd,
While ſome the flying cords aloft confin'd.—

in their aſcent or deſcent, ſo as to prevent them from ſwinging about by the agitation of the veſſel.

Backſtays are long ropes, extending from the right and left ſide of the ſhip to the topmaſt-heads, which they are intended to ſecure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the ſails.

Ver. 255. Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoiſted up from the deck, or lowered again in ſtormy weather.

Ver. 257. The parrell, which is uſually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its reſpective maſt.

Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any maſt to the extremities of its particular yard, to ſupport the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raiſe one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called *topping*, ver. 258.

Ver. 260. The booms in this place imply any maſts or yards lying on deck in reſerve, to ſupply the place of others which may be carried away by diſtreſs of weather, &c.

Their ſails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils ſevere.
Awhile their ſpirits, with fatigue oppreſt,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of reſt:
But with redoubling force the tempeſts blow,
And watery hills in fell ſucceſſion flow.
A diſmal ſhade o'ercaſts the frowning ſkies;
New troubles grow; new difficulties riſe.
No ſeaſon this from duty to deſcend!
*All hands on deck* th' eventful hour attend.

His race perform'd, the ſacred lamp of day
Now dipt in weſtern clouds his parting ray.
His ſickening fires half loſt in ambient haze,
Refract along the duſk a crimſon blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerleſs night the ſky reſigns;
Sad evening's hour, how different from the paſt!
No flaming pomp, no bluſhing glories caſt;
No ray of friendly light is ſeen around:
The moon and ſtars in hopeleſs ſhade are drown'd.

The ſhip no longer can her courſes bear:
To reef the courſes is the maſter's care:
The ſailors, ſummon'd aft, a daring band!
Attend th' enfolding brails at his command.
But here the doubtful officers diſpute,
Till ſkill and judgment prejudice confute.—
RODMOND, whoſe genius never ſoar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
Still to the hoſtile fury of the wind
Releas'd the ſheet, and kept the tack confin'd;
To long-tried practice obſtinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
But the ſage maſter this advice declines,
With whom ARION in opinion joins.—
The watchful ſeaman whoſe ſagacious eye
On ſure experience may with truth rely,

Ver. 282. The courſes are generally underſtood to be the mainſail, foreſail, and mizen, which are the largeſt and loweſt ſails of their ſeveral maſts: the term is however ſometimes taken in a larger ſenſe.

Who from the reigning cauſe foretels th' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject.
For fluttering looſe in air, the rigid ſail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale.
And he who ſtrives the tempeſt to diſarm,
Will never firſt embrail the lee yard-arm.
The maſter ſaid:—obedient to command,
To raiſe the tack, the ready ſailors ſtand.—
Gradual it looſens, while th' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
The ſheet and weather-brace they now ſtand by;
The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.

Ver. 305. It has been remarked before in note 163, that the tack is always faſtened to windward; accordingly, as ſoon as it is caſt looſe, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the ſail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation muſt be carefully performed in a ſtorm to prevent the ſail from ſplitting or being torn to pieces by ſhivering.

Ver. 308. It is neceſſary to pull in the weather-brace, whenever the ſheet is caſt off, to preſerve the ſail from ſhaking violently.

Thus all prepar'd, *Let go the ſheet!* he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies;
Shivering at firſt, till by the blaſt impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvaſs ſwell'd:
By ſpilling-lines embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unſhaken by the wind.
The foreſail then ſecur'd with equal care,
Again to reef the mainſail they repair.—
While ſome, high-mounted, over-haul the tye,
Below the down-haul tackle others ply.
Jears, lifts, and brails, a ſeaman each attends,
Along the maſt the willing yard deſcends.

Ver. 314. The ſpilling-lines, which are only uſed on particular occaſions in tempeſtuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the ſail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

Ver. 319. The violence of the wind forces the yard ſo much outward from the maſt on theſe occaſions, that it cannot eaſilp be lowered ſo as to reef the ſail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the maſt. This is afterwards converted into rolling tackle. See the note on line 248.

Ver. 320. Jears are the ſame to the mainſail, foreſail, and

When lower'd ſufficient they ſecurely brace,
And fix the rolling tackle in its place;
The reef-lines and their earings now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant ſhrouds they man the yard.
Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
ARION there, the hardy boatſwain here;
*That* in the van to front the tempeſt hung;
*This* round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.

mizen, as the haliards (note 147,) are to all inferior ſails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

Ver. 324. Reef-lines are only uſed to reef the mainſail and foreſail. They are paſſed in ſpiral turns through the eyelet-holes of the reef, and over the head of the ſails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, ſo as to lace the reef cloſe up to the yard.

Ver. 325. Shrouds are thick ropes, ſtretching from the maſt-heads downwards to the outſide of the ſhip, ſerving to ſupport the maſts. They are alſo uſed as a range of rope-ladders by which the ſeamen aſcend or deſcend, to perform whatever is neceſſary about the ſails and rigging.

Each earing to its ſtation firſt they bend;
The reef-band then along the yard extend;
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwin'd,
By outer and by inner turns they bind.
From hand to hand the reef-lines next receiv'd,
Thro' eyelet-holes and roebin-legs were reev'd.
The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.
Hadſt thou, ARION! held the leeward poſt,
While on the yard by mountain billows toſt,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale,
Had then for ever drawn her duſky veil.—
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to ſuffer and relate!

Ver. 331. The reef-band is a long piece of canvas ſewed acroſs the ſail, to ſtrengthen the canvas in the place where the eyelet holes of the reef are formed.

Ver. 333. The outer turns of the earing ſerve to extend the ſail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope cloſe to its ſurface. See note 205.

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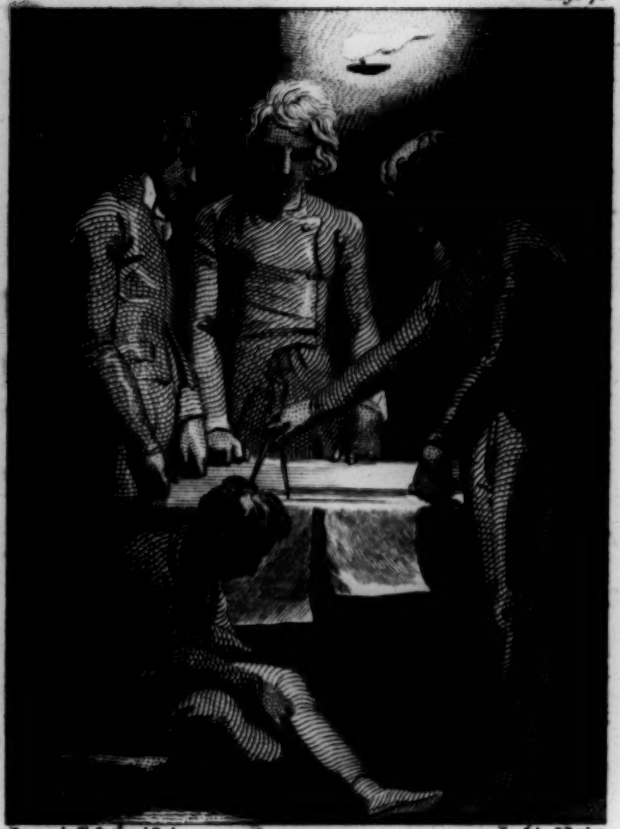

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. Engd by I. Taylor

*With him the Pilots, of their hopeless state,*
*In mournful Consultation now debate.*

*Published May 1st 1793 by Cadell and Davies. Strand.*

For, while their orders thoſe aloft attend,
To furl the mainſail, or on deck deſcend,
A ſea, up-ſurging with tremendous roll,
To inſtant ruin ſeems to doom the whole.
O friends, ſecure your hold! ARION cries:—
It comes all dreadful, ſtooping from the ſkies!
Uplifted on its horrid edge, ſhe feels
The ſhock, and on her ſide half-buried reels:
The ſail, half-buried in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the ſeamen gave;
While from its margin, terrible to tell!
Three ſailors with their gallant boatſwain fell.
Torn with reſiſtleſs fury from their hold,
In vain their ſtruggling arms the yard infold:
In vain to grapple flying cords they try;
The cords, alas! a ſolid gripe deny!

Ver. 346. A ſea is the general name given by ſailors to a wave, or billow; hence when a wave burſts over the deck, the veſſel is ſaid to have *ſhipped a ſea.*

Prone on the midnight ſurge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows ſweep;
And down they ſink in everlaſting ſleep.—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades ſee
The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
With fruitleſs ſorrow their loſt ſtate bemoan;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark ſuſpenſe on deck the pilots ſtand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Tho' ſtill they knew the veſſel's armed ſide
Impenetrable to the claſping tide;
Tho' ſtill the waters, by no ſecret wound,
A paſſage to her deep receſſes found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A ſtorm, a dangerous ſea, and leeward ſhore!
Should they, tho' reef'd, again their ſails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
Or ſhould they ſtand, beneath the dreadful ſtrain
The down-preſs'd ſhip may never riſe again;

Too late to weather now Morea's land;
Yet verging faſt to Athens' rocky ſtrand.—
Thus they lament the conſequence ſevere,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear;
Long in their minds revolving each event,
At laſt to furl the courſes they conſent.
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try beneath it ſidelong in the ſea.
Now down the maſt the ſloping yard declin'd,
Till by the jears and topping-lift confin'd.

Ver. 380. To weather a ſhore, is to paſs to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the ſtorm.

Ver. 387. To try, is to lay the ſhip with her ſide nearly in the direction of the wind and ſea, with the head ſomewhat inclin'd to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that poſition. See a farther illuſtration of this in the laſt note of this Canto.

Ver. 389. The topping-lift, which *tops* the upper end of the mizen-yard (ſee note-257); this line and the ſix following deſcribe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this ſail is towards the lower end, the knittles

The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.
The reef enwrapt, th' inſerted knittles ty'd,
To hoiſt the ſhorten'd ſail again they hied,
The order given, the yard aloft they ſway'd;
The brails relax'd, th' extended ſheet belay'd.
The helm its poſt forſook, and, laſh'd a-lee,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the ſea.

When ſacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coaſt,
With notes divine implor'd his conſort loſt;
Tho' round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies ſtood to bar his way;
Not more adventurous was th' attempt, to move
The powers of hell with ſtrains of heavenly love,
Than mine, to bid th' unwilling Muſe explore
The wilderneſs of rude mechanic lore.

being ſmall ſhort lines uſed in the room of *points* for this purpoſe (ſee notes 132, 148); they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the ſail.

Ver. 396. Laſh'd a-lee, is faſtened to the lee ſide. See note 130.

Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd;
Till art her ſalutary help beſtow'd,
To guide him thro' that intricate abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the ſweet Piërian lay,
The Muſe, that tun'd to barbarous ſounds her ſtring,
Now ſpreads like Dædalus a bolder wing;
The verſe begins in ſofter ſtrains to flow,
Replete with ſad variety of woe.
As yet, amid this elemental war,
That ſcatters deſolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor diſtreſs appear
To ſink the ſeamen with unmanly fear.
Tho' their firm hearts no pageant-honour boaſt,
They ſcorn the wretch that trembles in his poſt.
Who from the face of danger ſtrives to turn,
Indignant from the ſocial hour they ſpurn.
Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide,
In proud rebellion climb the veſſel's ſide,

No future ills unknown their ſons appall;
They know no danger, or they ſcorn it all!
But even the generous ſpirits of the brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly reſpite crave:
A ſhort repoſe alone their thoughts implore,
Their haraſs'd powers by ſlumber to reſtore.

Far other cares the maſter's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes deſtroy.
In vain he ſpreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the diſtance by the rules of art;
In vain athwart the mimic ſeas expands
The compaſſes to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful taſk! for no aſylum trac'd,
A paſſage open'd from the wat'ry waſte.
Fate ſeem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While ALBERT thus, with ſecret doubts diſmay'd,
The geometric diſtances ſurvey'd,
On deck the watchful RODMOND cries aloud,
Secure your lives,—graſp every man a ſhroud!—

Rous'd from his trance he mounts with eyes aghaſt;
When o'er the ſhip in undulation vaſt,
A giant ſurge down-ruſhes from on high,
And fore and aft diſſever'd ruins lie.—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great HAWKE deſcends in thunder on the main;
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blaſt the hoſtile ſhores;
Beneath the ſtorm their ſhatter'd navies groan;
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone:
Thus the torn veſſel felt th' enormous ſtroke,
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
Forth ſtarted from their planks the burſting rings,
Th' extended cordage all aſunder ſprings.
The pilot's fair machinery ſtrews the deck,
And cards and needles ſwim in floating wreck.
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In ſtreaming ruins from the margin fled,
The ſides convulſive ſhook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy ſeams.

They ſound the well, and, terrible to hear!
Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
RODMOND, ARION, and PALEMON here,
At this ſad taſk all diligent appear.
As ſome fair caſtle, ſhook by rude alarms,
Oppoſes long the approach of hoſtile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and ſorrow marks his horrid way,
Till in ſome deſtin'd hour, againſt her wall,
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall:
The ramparts crack; the ſolid bulwarks rend;
And hoſtile troops the ſhatter'd breach aſcend.

Ver. 466. The well is an apartment in a ſhip's hold, ſerving to incloſe the pumps. It is ſounded by dropping a meaſured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increaſe or diminution of the leaks are eaſily diſcovered.

Ver. 468. The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

Her valiant inmates ſtill the foe retard,
Reſolv'd till death their ſacred charge to guard.
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help inceſſant, by rotation lend;
But all in vain,—for now the ſounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminiſh'd depth explor'd.
Nor this ſevere diſtreſs is found alone;
The ribs oppreſt by ponderous cannon groan.
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd ſides ſeem burſting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulſive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarſe thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame.—
Accumulated miſchiefs thus ariſe,
And fate vindictive all their ſkill defies.
One only remedy the ſeaſon gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers leſs ſhall groan:

But arduous is the taſk their lot requires;
A taſk that hovering fate alone inſpires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to eaſe,
That ever and anon are drench'd with ſeas,
Some fatal billow with recoiling ſweep,
May whirl the helpleſs wretches in the deep.
No ſeaſon this for counſel or delay!
Too ſoon th' eventful moments haſte away!
Here perſeverance, with each help of art,
Muſt join the boldeſt efforts of the heart.
Theſe only now their miſery can relieve;
Theſe only now a dawn of ſafety give!—
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad ſurges roll in terrible career,
RODMOND, ARION, and a choſen crew,
This office in the face of death purſue,
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide.
RODMOND deſcending claim'd the weather-ſide:
Fearleſs of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude aſſaults of every wave.

Like ſome ſtrong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whoſe rocky baſe the foaming waters ſweep,
Untam'd he ſtood; the ſtern aërial war
Had mark'd his honeſt face with many a ſcar.—
Meanwhile ARION, traverſing the waiſt,
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
RODMOND's aſſociates wheel'd the artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms acroſs the ſteep defile;
Then, hurl'd from ſounding hinges o'er the ſide,
Thundering they plunge into the flaſhing tide.
The ſhip thus eas'd, ſome little reſpite finds,
In this rude conflict of the ſeas and winds.

Ver. 524. The waiſt of a ſhip of this kind is an hollow ſpace about five feet in depth, between the elevations of the quarter-deck and forecaſtle, and having the upper-deck for its baſe, or platform.

Such eaſe Alcides felt when clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his ſide he tore;
When, ſtung with burning pain, he ſtrove too late
To ſtop the ſwift career of cruel Fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of ſeven-fold pangs endur'd!
Such, and ſo ſhort, the pauſe of woe ſhe found!
Cimmerian darkneſs ſhades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the ſight,
Flaſh thro' the gloom a pale diſaſtrous light.
Above all æther, fraught with ſcenes of woe,
With grim deſtruction threatens all below.
Beneath the ſtorm-laſh'd ſurges furious riſe,
And wave uproll'd on wave, aſſails the ſkies:
With ever-floating bulwarks they ſurround
The ſhip, half-ſwallow'd in the black profound!
With ceaſeleſs hazard and fatigue oppreſt,
Diſmay and anguiſh every heart poſſeſt!
For, while with boundleſs inundation o'er
The ſea-beat ſhip th' involving waters roar,

Diſplac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient ſtation to reſume;
By ſecret ambuſhes, their force to prove,
Thro' many a winding channel firſt they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking ſtrokes reſound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil ſubdu'd,
The tough bull-hide muſt ever be renew'd.
Their ſinking hearts unuſual horrors chill:
And down their weary limbs thick dews diſtil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with ſome new woe each moment teems!
Again the chief th' inſtructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plain attentive bends:
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the ſun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas! his ſcience naught avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.

The different traverſes, ſince twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way explor'd,
As ſwept acroſs the graduated chord.
Her place diſcover'd by the rules of art,
Unuſual terrors ſhook the maſter's heart;
When Falconera's rugged iſle he found,
Within her drift, with ſhelves and breakers bound;
For, if on thoſe deſtructive ſhallows toſt,
The helpleſs bark with all her crew are loſt:
As fatal ſtill appears, that danger o'er,
The ſteep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeleſs ſtate
In mournful conſultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appall,
When ſome proud city verges to her fall;

Ver. 579. The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are ſynonymous terms, is the movement by which a ſhip is driven ſideways at the mercy of the wind and ſea, when ſhe is deprived of the government of the ſails and helm.

While Ruin glares around, and pale Affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave ſpread,
Nor ſtoried pillars rais'd aloft their head:
But here the Queen of Shade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, diſaſtrous to the view!
Dire was the ſcene, with whirlwind, hail and ſhower;
Black Melancholy rul'd the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flaſhing tide,
Where Fate on every billow ſeem'd to ride—
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unſubdu'd,
Great in diſtreſs the maſter-ſeaman ſtood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to adviſe;
Expert in action; and in council wiſe;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his ſoul the chief referr'd.

Ye faithful mates, who all my troubles ſhare,
Approv'd companions of your maſter's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitleſs now to tell
Our ſad diſtreſs already known too well!

This morn with fav'ring gales the port we left,
Tho' now of every flattering hope bereft:
No ſkill nor long experience could forecaſt
Th' unſeen approach of this deſtructive blaſt.
Theſe ſeas, where ſtorms, at various ſeaſons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occaſion all your ſkill demands;
A leaky ſhip, embay'd by dangerous lands.
Our bark no tranſient jeopardy ſurrounds;
Groaning ſhe lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To ſhun the fury of the ſeas and wind:
For in this hollow ſwell, with labour ſore,
Her flank can bear the burſting floods no more:
Yet this or other ills ſhe muſt endure;
A dire diſeaſe, and deſperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counſel and your voice.
Theſe only in our power are left to try;
To periſh here, or from the ſtorm to fly.

The doubtful balance in my judgment caſt,
For various reaſons I prefer the laſt.
'Tis true, the veſſel and her coſtly freight,
To me conſign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, ſince the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counſels I reſign;
Forbid it Heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But ſhould we now reſolve to bear away,
Our hopeleſs ſtate can ſuffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every ſail,
Attempt to ſteer obliquely on the gale:
For then, if broaching ſideward to the ſea,
Our dropſy'd ſhip may founder by the lee:
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may ſoon her frame devour.
He ſaid; the liſtening mates with fix'd regard,
And ſilent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the queſtion in debate,
And o'er their counſels hung impending Fate.

Rodmond, in many a ſcene of peril try'd,
Had oft the maſter's happier ſkill deſcry'd,
Yet now, the hour, the ſcene, th' occaſion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his ſpeech, and naked was his heart:
Alike to him each climate and each blaſt;
The firſt in danger, in retreat the laſt:
Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus diſſents.
Too true the perils of the preſent hour,
Where toils ſucceeding toils our ſtrength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road purſue,
With death before ſtill opening on the view?
Our bark 'tis true no ſhelter here can find,
Sore-ſhatter'd by the ruffian ſeas and wind;
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chas'd by this tempeſt and outrageous ſea?
For while its violence the tempeſt keeps,
Bereft of every ſail we roam the deeps:

At random driven, to preſent death we haſte,
And one ſhort hour perhaps may be our laſt.
In vain the gulf of Corinth, on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a paſſage free;
Since, if before the blaſt the veſſel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers riſe.
Here Falconera ſpreads her lurking ſnares;
There diſtant Greece her rugged ſhelves prepares:
Should once her bottom ſtrike that rocky ſhore,
The ſplitting bark that inſtant were no more;
Nor ſhe alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, were doom'd to periſh too.
Thus if to ſcud too raſhly we conſent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpoſe this appears the ſcope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Tho' ſorely buffeted by every ſea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee;
The crew, tho' haraſs'd long with toils ſevere,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.

Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids!—This ſouthern tempeſt ſoon
May change its quarter with the changing moon:
Its rage, tho' terrible, may ſoon ſubſide,
Nor into mountains laſh th' unruly tide.
Theſe leaks ſhall then decreaſe; the ſails once more
Direct our courſe to ſome relieving ſhore.

Thus while he ſpoke, around from man to man,
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the veſſel, thro' unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted ſcale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their poſt, by terrors unſubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their taſk purſu'd.

And now the ſenior pilots ſeem'd to wait
ARION's voice, to cloſe the dark debate.
Tho' many a bitter ſtorm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's ſchool the wandering ſtripling taught,
Not twice nine ſummers yet matur'd his thought,

So oft he bled by Fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at laſt innoxious on his heart.
His mind ſtill ſhunning care with ſecret hate,
In patient indolence reſign'd to Fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling ſoul.

With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark diſtreſſes on each ſide combin'd;
While here we linger in the paſs of Fate,
I ſee no moment left for ſad debate.
For, ſome deciſion if we wiſh to form,
Ere yet our veſſel ſink beneath the ſtorm,
Her ſhatter'd ſtate, and yon deſponding crew,
At once ſuggeſt what meaſures to purſue.
The labouring hull already ſeems half fill'd,
With waters thro' an hundred leaks diſtill'd.
As in a dropſy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd ſhe lies, a dead inactive weight!
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck
Stript and defenceleſs, floats a naked wreck;

Her wounded flanks no longer can ſuſtain
Theſe fell invaſions of the burſting main.
At every pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend,
Beneath their load, the quivering bowſprit-end.
A fearful warning! ſince the maſts on high,
On that ſupport with trembling hope rely.
At either pump our ſeamen pant for breath,
In dark diſmay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th' increaſing leaks defy:
We ſink at ſea, no ſhore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and ſave us from the wat'ry tomb:
That bids us ſhun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blaſt, and ſhoreward ſteer.
'Tis urg'd indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding ſail;
And, driven before it on the wat'ry waſte,
To rocky ſhores and ſcenes of death we haſte.
But haply Falconera we may ſhun:
And far to Grecian coaſts is yet the run:

Leſs haraſs'd then, our ſcudding ſhip may bear
Th' aſſaulting ſurge repell'd upon her rear.
Even then the wearied ſtorm as ſoon ſhall die,
Or leſs torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at laſt be driven by dire decree,
Too near the fatal margin of the ſea,
The hull diſmaſted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interpoſing power,
May curb the tempeſt ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we ſtay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.

He ſaid; PALEMON ſaw, with grief of heart,
The ſtorm prevailing o'er the pilot's art:
In ſilent terror and diſtreſs involv'd,
He heard their laſt alternative reſolv'd.
High beat his boſom; with ſuch fear ſubdued,
Beneath the gloom of ſome enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering ſwain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd:

Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the ſongs of hell.
ARION ſaw, with ſecret anguiſh mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd;
And, all awake to Friendſhip's genial heat,
His boſom felt conſenting tumults beat.
Alas! no ſeaſon this for tender love;
Far hence the muſic of the myrtle grove!—
With Comfort's ſoothing voice, from Hope deriv'd,
PALEMON's drooping ſpirit he reviv'd,
For Conſolation oft with healing art
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus reſolv'd;
When, like the faithful ſhepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpoſe ALBERT thus directs.

Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whoſe gallant ſpirits now are known too late;

Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry ſtorm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adverſity, ſtill bear
The firmeſt front when greateſt ills are near!
The truth, tho' grievous, I muſt now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all help of arts we vainly try,
To weather leeward ſhores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The ſeas that thunder o'er her batter'd ſide:
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging ſea ſhe cannot live,
One only refuge from deſpair we find;
At once to wear and ſcud before the wind.
Perhaps even then to ruin we may ſteer;
For broken ſhores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and inſtant death is here:
Yet there, by Heaven's aſſiſtance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;

Ver. 807. For an explanation of theſe manœuvres, the reader is referred to the laſt note of this Canto.

Or, ſhelter'd by ſome rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blaſt ſubſide.
But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helpleſs bark at laſt aſhore is driven,
Theſe counſels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating ſailors in the ſurf may ſave.
And firſt let all our axes be ſecur'd,
To cut the maſts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the veſſel and the ſhore.
The longeſt cordage too muſt be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather rails belay'd.
So they, who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may faſten on the ſtrand,
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward ſhore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar.
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to ſtarboard every yard;
So ſhall our maſts ſwim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our ſeamen ſave.

Then weſtward turn the ſtem, that every maſt
May ſhoreward fall, when from the veſſel caſt.
When o'er her ſide once more the billows bound,
Aſcend the rigging till ſhe ſtrikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming ſhock
That ſtrikes her bottom on ſome pointed rock,
The boldeſt of our ſailors muſt deſcend,
The dangerous buſineſs of the deck to tend;
Then each, ſecur'd by ſome convenient cord,
Should cut the ſhrouds and rigging from the board:
Let the broad axes next aſſail each maſt;
And booms and oars and rafts to leeward caſt.
Thus, while the cordage ſtretch'd aſhore may guide
Our brave companions thro' the ſwelling tide,
This floating lumber ſhall ſuſtain them, o'er
The rocky ſhelves in ſafety to the ſhore.
But as your firmeſt ſuccour, till the laſt,
O cling ſecurely on each faithful maſt!
Tho' great the danger, and the taſk ſevere,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of Fear!

If once that ſlaviſh yoke your ſpirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itſelf farewell!
I know, among you ſome full oft have view'd,
With murdering weapons arm'd, a lawleſs brood,
On England's vile inhuman ſhore who ſtand,
The foul reproach and ſcandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the ſtrand.
Theſe, while their ſavage office they purſue,
Oft wound to death the helpleſs plunder'd crew,
Who, 'ſcap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown!
Such blood-hounds all her circling ſhores diſown;
Her ſons, by barbarous tyranny oppreſt,
Can ſhare affliction with the wretch diſtreſt:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendleſs ſtranger yield relief.
With conſcious horror ſtruck, the naval band,
Deteſted for a while their native land.
They curs'd the ſleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian ſailors' cauſe.

Meanwhile the maſter's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.
No more remains—but now a truſty band
Muſt ever at the pump induſtrious ſtand;
And while with us the reſt attend to wear,
Two ſkilful ſeamen to the helm repair!
O Source of Life! our refuge and our ſtay!
Whoſe voice the warring elements obey;
On thy ſupreme aſſiſtance we rely:
Thy mercy ſupplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this ſtorm is ſent, with healing breath,
From neighb'ring ſhores to ſcourge diſeaſe and death!
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to truſt:
With thee, great LORD! 'whatever is, is juſt.'
He ſaid; and with conſenting reverence fraught,
The ſailors join'd his prayer in ſilent thought.
His intellectual eye, ſerenely bright!
Saw diſtant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that laſting wars oppreſs,
That groans beneath misfortune and diſtreſs;

Whoſe wealth to conq'ring armies falls a prey;
Her bulwarks ſinking, as her troops decay;
Some bold ſagacious ſtateſman, from the helm,
Sees deſolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hoſtile unions riſe;
With deep attention marks th' invading foe;
Eludes their wiles, and fruſtrates every blow:
Tries his laſt art the tottering ſtate to ſave;
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the veſſel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills:
On either ſide they riſe! tremendous ſcene!
A long dark melancholy vale between.

Ver. 907. That the reader, who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ſhip's ſtate when *trying*; and of the change of her ſituation to that of *ſcudding*, I have quoted a part of the explanation of thoſe articles as they appear in the *Dictionary of the Marine*.

Trying is the ſituation in which a ſhip lies nearly in the *trough* or hollow of the ſea in a tempeſt, particularly when it blows contrary to her courſe.

The balanc'd ſhip, now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impreſſion of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd;
But ALBERT from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.—

In trying as well as in *ſcudding*, the ſails are always reduced in proportion to the increaſe of the ſtorm; and in either ſtate, if the ſtorm is exceſſive, ſhe may have all her ſails furled; or be, according the ſea phraſe, *under bare poles*.

The intent of ſpreading a ſail at this time is to keep the ſhip more ſteady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by preſſing her ſide down in the water; and alſo to turn her head towards the ſource of the wind, ſo that the ſhock of the ſeas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when ſhe lies along the trough of the ſea, or in the interval between two waves. While ſhe lies in this ſituation the helm is faſtened cloſe to the lee-ſide, to prevent her as much as poſſible from falling to leeward. But as the ſhip is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her ſails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and ſtern, ſhe is moved by a ſlow, but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where ſhe ſtops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her *coming-to*; and the contrary exceſs of the angle to leeward is called her *falling off*.

The order now was given to bear away;
The order given, the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowſprit ſtretch'd, the tortur'd ſail,
As on the rack, diſtends beneath the gale. 916

Veering or wearing, ver. 641, 807, as uſed in the preſent ſenſe, may be defined, *the movement by which a ſhip changes her ſtate from* trying *to that of* ſcudding, *or, of running before the direction of the wind and ſea.*

It is an axiom in natural philoſophy, *That every body will perſevere in a ſtate of reſt, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unleſs it be compelled to change its ſtate by forces impreſſed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impreſſed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts.*

Hence it is eaſy to conceive how a ſhip is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of veering, which is a neceſſary conſequence of this invariable principle, the object of the ſeamen is to reduce the action of the wind on the ſhip's hinder part, and to receive its utmoſt exertion on her forepart, ſo that the latter may be puſhed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the ſails, or by the impreſſion of the wind on the maſts and yards. In the former caſe the ſails on the hind-part of the ſhip are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually

But ſcarce the yielding prow its impulſe knew,
When in a thouſand flitting ſhreds it flew!—
Yet ALBERT new reſources ſtill prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.

along their ſurfaces; at the ſame time the foremoſt ſails are ſpread abroad, ſo as to receive the greateſt exertion of the wind, ver. 916. The forepart accordingly yields to this impulſe, and is put in motion, and this motion, neceſſarily conſpiring with that of the wind, puſhes the ſhip about as much as is requiſite to produce the deſired effect.

But when the tempeſt is ſo violent as to preclude the uſe of ſails, the effort of the wind operates almoſt equally on the oppoſite ends of the ſhip, becauſe the maſts and yards ſituated near the head and ſtern ſerve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impreſſion. The effect of the helm is alſo conſiderably diminiſhed, becauſe the headway, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes neceſſary to deſtroy this equilibrium, which ſubſiſts between the maſts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the maſts, and it becomes abſolutely neceſſary to veer in order to ſave the ſhip from deſtruction, ver. 927, the mizen-maſt muſt be cut away, and even the main-maſt, if ſhe ſtill remains incapable of anſwering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Away there, lower the mizen-yard on deck!
He calls, and brace the foremoſt yards aback!
His great example every boſom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inſpires.
While to the helm unfaithful ſtill ſhe lies,
One deſperate remedy at laſt he tries.—

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ſhip is carried precipitately before a tempeſt, ver. 645, 807, &c.

As a ſhip flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unleſs when her condition renders her incapable of ſuſtaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her ſide, without being expoſed to the moſt imminent danger.

A ſhip either ſcuds with a ſail extended on her fore-maſt, or, if the ſtorm is exceſſive, without any ſail, which in the ſea-phraſe is called ſcudding *under bare poles*.

The principal hazards incident to ſcudding are, generally, a ſea ſtriking the ſhip's ſtern; the difficulty of ſteering, which perpetually expoſes her to the danger of *broaching to*; and the want of ſufficient ſea-room. A ſea which ſtrikes the ſtern violently may ſhatter it to pieces, by which the ſhip muſt inevitably founder. By broaching-to ſuddenly, ſhe is threatened with loſing all her maſts and ſails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of ſea-room ſhe is expoſed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-ſhore.

Haſte, with your weapons cut the ſhrouds and ſtay;
And hew at once the mizen-maſt away!
He ſaid! th' attentive ſailors on each ſide,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Faſt by the fated pine bold RODMOND ſtands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandiſh'd on high, it fell with dreadful ſound;
The tall maſt groaning, felt the deadly wound.—
Deep gaſh'd with ſores, the tottering ſtructure rings;
And craſhing, thundering, o'er the quarter ſwings.
Thus when ſome limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's peſtilential breath;
Th' experienc'd artiſt from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its courſe delays:
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital ſtream that warms the heart,
Reſolv'd at laſt, he quits th' unequal ſtrife,
Severs the member, and preſerves the life.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
62
JUL

THE

# THIRD CANTO

OF

# THE SHIPWRECK.

## ARGUMENT.

The deſign and influence of poetry—Applied to the ſubject—Wreck of the mizen-maſt cleared away—Ship veers before the wind—Her violent agitation—Different ſtations of the officers—Appearance of the iſland of *Falconera*—Excurſion to the adjacent nations of *Greece*, renowned in antiquity—*Athens* — Socrates—Plato — Ariſtides—Solon—*Corinth* — *Sparta*—Leonidas—Invaſion of Xerxes—Lycurgus—Epaminondas—Modern appearance—*Arcadia*—Its former happineſs and fertility—Preſent diſtreſs, the effect of ſlavery—*Ithaca*—Ulyſſes and Penelope—*Argos* and *Mycæne*—Agamemnon—*Macroniſi*—*Lemnos*—Vulcan and Venus—*Delos*---Apollo and Diana—*Troy*—*Seſtos*—Leander and Hero—*Delphos*—Temple of Apollo—*Parnaſſus*—The Muſes—The ſubject reſumed—Sparkling of the ſea—Prodigious tempeſt, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors—Darkneſs, lightning, and thunder—Approach of day---Diſcovery of land---The ſhip in great danger paſſes the iſland of *St. George*---Turns her broad-ſide to the ſhore---Her bowſprit, foremaſt, and main-topmaſt carried away---She ſtrikes a rock---Splits aſunder---Fate of the crew.

The SCENE ſtretches from that part of the Archipelago, which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colona, in Attica---The TIME is about ſeven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

THE

# SHIPWRECK.

## CANTO III.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human ſavage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When ſullen Ignorance her flag diſplay'd,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the ſhores of light the Muſes came,
The dark and ſolitary race to tame.
'Twas their's the lawleſs paſſions to control,
And melt in tender ſympathy the ſoul:
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breaſts celeſtial flame.

The kindling ſpirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the ſwelling lay.
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair Truth and Reaſon ſprung to light.—
When great Mæonides, in rapid ſong,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each raviſh'd boſom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulſes beat to arms.
From earth upborne, on Pegaſean wings,
Far thro' the boundleſs realms of thought he ſprings;
While diſtant poets, trembling as they view
His ſunward flight, the dazzling track purſue.
But when his ſtrings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire diſtreſs Laertes' ſon befel,
The ſtrains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe,
Bid ſacred ſympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muſes' heavenly breath
With vital force diſſolv'd the chains of death:
Each bard in epic lays began to ſing,
Taught by the maſter of the vocal ſtring.—

'Tis mine, alas! thro' dangerous ſcenes to ſtray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!—
Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the ſad wanderer loſt upon the ſhore;
But o'er that ſcene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subſervient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, th' unravel'd proſpect to diſplay,
And chain th' events in regular array.
Tho' hard the taſk, to ſing in varied ſtrains,
While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
Thrice happy! might the ſecret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart!
Might the ſad numbers draw Compaſſion's tear
For kindred-miſeries, oft beheld too near;
For kindred-wretches, oft in ruin caſt
On Albion's ſtrand, beneath the wint'ry blaſt;

For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her braveſt ſons, her faithful ſailors know!
So pity, guſhing o'er each Britiſh breaſt,
Might ſympathize with Britain's ſons diſtreſt:
For this, my theme thro' mazes I purſue,
Which nor Mæonides nor Maro knew.

Awhile the maſt, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanc'd the impreſſion of the helm and wind:
The wounded ſerpent, agoniz'd with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain.
But now the wreck diſſever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
And while around before the wind it falls,
Square all the yards! the attentive maſter calls—
You timoneers her motion ſtill attend!
For on your ſteerage all our lives depend.
So, ſteddy! meet her, watch the blaſt behind,
And ſteer her right before the ſeas and wind!

Ver. 64. To ſquare the yards, in this place, is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ſhip's length.

Ver. 67. Steddy is the order to ſteer the ſhip according to

Starboard again! the watchful pilot cries;
Starboard, the obedient timoneer replies.
Then to the left the ruling helm returns;
The wheel revolves; the ringing axle burns!
The ſhip no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her ſide th' invaſions of the ſea:
All lonely o'er the deſert waſte ſhe flies,
Scourg'd on by ſurges, ſtorm and burſting ſkies.
As when the maſters of the lance aſſail,
In Hyperborean ſeas, the ſlumbering whale;
Soon as the javelins pierce his ſcaly hide,
With anguiſh ſtung, he cleaves the downward tide;
In vain he flies! no friendly reſpite found;
His life-blood guſhes thro' th' inflaming wound.
The wounded bark thus ſmarting with her pain,
Scuds from purſuing waves along the main;

the line on which ſhe advances at that inſtant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

Ver. 72. In all large ſhips the helm is managed by a wheel.

While, daſh'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elaſtic tone;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
Now ſhivering, o'er the topmoſt wave ſhe rides,
While, deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
'Till up the dreadful height again ſhe flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the ſkies.
As that rebellious angel who, from heaven,
To regions of eternal pain was driven;
When dreadleſs he forſook the Stygian ſhore,
The diſtant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on ſulphureous clouds ſublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in ſome hideous gulf deſcending prone,
Far in the rayleſs void of night was thrown.

Even ſo ſhe ſcales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyſs precipitates her flight.
The maſts, around whoſe tops the whilwinds ſing,
With long vibration round her axle ſwing.
To guide the wayward courſe amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different poſts aſſume.
ALBERT and RODMOND, ſtation'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.
High on the prow the guard ARION keeps,
To ſhun the cruiſers wandering o'er the deeps:
Where'er he moves, PALEMON ſtill attends,
As if on him his only hope depends:
While RODMOND, fearful of ſome neighb'ring ſhore,
Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore!*—
Four hours thus ſcudding on the tide ſhe flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view;
High o'er its ſummit, thro' the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower caſts a mournful light.
In dire amazement rivetted they ſtand,
And hear the breakers laſh the rugged ſtrand:

But ſoon beyond this ſhore the veſſel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the ſkies.
So from the fangs of her inſatiate foe,
O'er the broad champaign ſcuds the trembling roe.—
That danger paſt, reflects a feeble joy;
But ſoon returning fears their hope deſtroy.
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the ſailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of ſofter ſkies,
Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone:
Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales ſupply;
In cooling ſtream the aërial billows fly;
Awhile deliver'd from the ſcorching heat,
In gentler tides the feveriſh pulſes beat.

So, when their trembling veſſel paſt this iſle,
Such viſionary joys the crew beguile:
Th' illuſive meteors of a lifeleſs fire!
Too ſoon they kindle, and too ſoon expire!

Say, MEMORY! thou, from whoſe unerring tongue
Inſtructive flows the animated ſong!

What regions now the flying ſhip ſurround?
Regions of old thro' all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme, the Muſes' boaſt,
Now lie in ruins; in oblivion loſt!
Did they, whoſe ſad diſtreſs theſe lays deplore,
Unſkill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconſcious paſs each famous circling ſhore?
They did; for blaſted in the barren ſhade,
Here, all too ſoon, the buds of ſcience fade:
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every ſpringing flower:
Here Fancy droops, while ſullen cloud and ſtorm
The generous climate of the ſoul deform.
Then if, among the wandering naval train,
One ſtripling exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in Fancy's ſoothing dream,
Approach'd to taſte the ſweet Caſtalian ſtream,
(Since thoſe ſalubrious ſtreams, with power divine,
To purer ſenſe th' attemper'd ſoul refine,)
His heart, with liberal commerce here unbleſt,
Alien to joy! ſincerer grief poſſeſt.

Yet on the youthful mind, th' impreſſion caſt,
Of ancient glory, ſhall for ever laſt,
There all unquench'd by cruel Fortune's ire,
It glows with inextinguiſhable fire.
Immortal Athens firſt, in ruin ſpread,
Contiguous lies at port Liono's head.
Great ſource of ſcience! whoſe immortal name
Stands foremoſt in the glorious roll of Fame;
Here godlike Socrates and Plato ſhone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
The firſt in Virtue's cauſe his life reſign'd,
By Heaven pronounc'd the wiſeſt of mankind;
The laſt foretold the ſpark of vital fire,
The ſoul's fine eſſence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philoſophic ſage,
That fled Piſiſtratus' vindictive rage.
Juſt Ariſtides here maintain'd the cauſe,
Whoſe ſacred precepts ſhine thro' Solon's laws.
Of all her towering ſtructures, now alone
Some ſcatter'd columns ſtand, with weeds o'ergrown.

The wandering ſtranger, near the port, deſcries
A milk-white lion of ſtupendous ſize;
Unknown the ſculptor; marble is the frame;
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.
Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whoſe gorgeous fabrics ſeem'd to ſtrike the ſkies.
Whom, tho' by tyrant-victors oft ſubdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd.
Her name for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd,
Spread, like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.
But now, in fatal deſolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a diſmal ſhade.
Then further weſtward, on Morea's land,
Fair Miſitra! thy modern turrets ſtand.
Ah! who, unmov'd with ſecret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell?
Here once ſhe flouriſh'd, at whoſe trumpet's ſound,
War burſt his chains, and nations ſhook around.

Ver. 194. Architecture.

Here brave Leonidas from ſhore to ſhore,
Thro' all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Perſia's ſumleſs troops to war,
Till Macedonia ſhrunk beneath his ſpear,
And Greece diſmay'd beheld the chief draw near:
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Œta ſaw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gaſping millions, bleed on hoſtile lands.
Thus vanquiſh'd Aſia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens ſicken'd at thy fame!
Thy ſtate, ſupported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, ſuperlative applauſe.
Even great Epaminondas ſtrove in vain,
To curb that ſpirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born ſpirit now!
Her abject ſons to haughty tyrants bow;
A falſe degenerate ſuperſtitious race,
Infeſt thy region, and thy name diſgrace!

Not diſtant far, Arcadia's bleſt domains
Peloponneſus' circling ſhore contains.
Thrice happy ſoil! where ſtill ſerenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May.
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obſequious field,
Rich without art, ſpontaneous gifts to yield;
Then with ſome rural nymph ſupremely bleſt,
While tranſport glow'd in each enamour'd breaſt,
Each faithful ſhepherd told his tender pain,
And ſung of ſylvan ſports in artleſs ſtrain.
Now, ſad reverſe! oppreſſion's iron hand
Enſlaves her natives, and deſpoils the land.
In lawleſs rapine bred, a ſanguine train
With midnight-ravage ſcour th' uncultur'd plain.
Weſtward of theſe, beyond the iſthmus lies
The long-loſt iſle of Ithacus the wiſe;
Where fair Penelope her abſent lord,
Full twice ten years, with faithful love deplor'd.
Tho' many a princely heart her beauty won,
She, guarded only by a ſtripling ſon,

Each bold attempt of ſuitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud ſhe foil'd.
True to her vows, and reſolutely chaſte,
The beauteous princeſs triumph'd at the laſt.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still ſeems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whoſe monarch led the Grecian hoſts,
Far o'er the Ægean main, to Dardan coaſts.
Unhappy prince! who on a hoſtile ſhore,
Toil, peril, anguiſh, ten long winters bore.
And when to native realms reſtor'd at laſt,
To reap the harveſt of thy labours paſt;
A perjur'd friend, alas! and faithleſs wife,
There ſacrific'd to impious luſt thy life!—
Faſt by Arcadia ſtretch theſe deſert plains;
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair iſle of Helena is ſeen,
Where adverſe winds detain'd the Spartan queen;

Ver. 263. Now known by the name of Macroniſi.

For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian hoſt,
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coaſt;
For whom ſo long they labour'd to deſtroy
The ſacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapleſs dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.
The port, an image bears of Parian ſtone.
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due eaſt from this appears the immortal ſhore
That ſacred Phœbus and Diana bore.
Delos, thro' all the Ægean ſeas renown'd!
(Whoſe coaſt the rocky Cyclades ſurround)
By Phœbus honor'd, and by Greece rever'd;
Her hallow'd groves even diſtant Perſia fear'd.
But now, a ſilent unfrequented land!
No human footſteps marks the trackleſs ſand.

Thence to the north, by Aſia's weſtern bound,
Fair Lemnos ſtands, with riſing marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from the ethereal world.

There his eternal anvils firſt he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders, that ſhook the ſkies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by ſkill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul diſgrace,
And living ſcandal of th' empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt:
In fires profane can heavenly boſoms melt?

Eaſtward of this appears the Dardon ſhore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illuſtrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,
Thro' the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy tutelar gods in vain deſcend!
Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cauſe were ſlain,
Tho' nations periſh'd on her bloody plain;
That refuge of perfidious Helen's ſhame
Was doom'd at length to ſink in Grecian flame:
And now, by Time's deep plough-ſhare harrow'd o'er,
The ſeat of ſacred Troy is found no more;

No trace of all her glories now remains!
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
Silver Scamander laves the verdant ſhore;
Scamander oft o'erflow'd with hoſtile gore!

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian ſtrand;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Diſplay'd her creſſet each revolving night;
Whoſe gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Helleſpont, to Aſia's ſhore,
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coaſt,
She ſaw her lover's lifeleſs body toſt;
Then felt her boſom agony ſevere;
Her eyes, ſad-gazing, pour'd th' inceſſant tear:
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh, frantic with deſpair,
She beat her beauteous breaſt and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain ſhe cry'd;
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide:
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight!

Far weſt of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The ſacred oracle of Phœbus there,
High o'er the mount aroſe, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
Auguſt the fabric! elegant its ſtile!
On brazen hinges turn'd the ſilver doors;
And chequer'd marble pav'd the poliſh'd floors.
The roofs where ſtory'd tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of ſhining porphyry the ſhafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's ſuppliant prieſts, a blameleſs train!
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the ſun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The ſciences and arts, around the ſhrine,
Conſpicuous ſhone, engrav'd by hands divine!
Here Æſculapius' ſnake diſplay'd his creſt,
And burning glories ſparkled on his breaſt:

While, from his eye's inſufferable light,
Diſeaſe and Death recoil'd, in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erſpread,
Parnaſſus lifts to heaven its honor'd head;
Where from the deluge ſav'd, by Heaven's command,
Deucalion leading Pyrrha, hand in hand,
Repeopled all the deſolated land.
Around the ſcene unfading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol ſweet numbers thro' the vocal grove;
While, o'er the eternal ſpring that ſmiles beneath,
Young zephyrs, borne on roſy pinions, breathe.
Fair daughters of the ſun! the ſacred nine,
Here wake to ecſtaſy their ſongs divine;
Or crown'd with myrtle, in ſome ſweet alcove,
Attune the tender ſtrings to bleeding love.
All ſadly ſweet the balmy currents roll;
Soothing to ſofteſt peace the tortur'd ſoul.

While hill and vale with choral voice around,
The muſic of immortal harps reſound,
Fair Pleaſure leads in dance the happy Hours,
Still ſcattering where ſhe moves Elyſian flowers!—
Even now the ſtrains, with ſweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought—
Adieu ye vales, that ſmiling peace beſtow,
Where Eden's bloſſoms ever-vernal blow!
Adieu ye ſtreams, that o'er enchanted ground,
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill ſurround!
Ye fairy ſcenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever oh farewell!
The ſoul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the ſenſe Lethean dews diſtil!
Awake, O MEMORY, from th' inglorious dream!
With brazen lungs reſume the kindling theme!
Collect thy powers! arouſe thy vital fire!
Ye ſpirits of the ſtorm my verſe inſpire!
Hoarſe, as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrent pour along the ſwelling ſtrain!

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. J. Neagle Sculp.t

*Lo! her bright Image, pendant on my Neck,*
*Is all* **PALEMON** *rescu'd from the Wreck!*

*Published May 1st 1795, by Cadell and Davies, Strand.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
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JUL

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her courſe to Attic ſhores the veſſel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her ſwell,
Still with the wheeling ſtern their force repel.
For, this aſſault ſhould either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempeſt ſhe might reel.
The ſteerſmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the ſpokes alternate fly.
Thus when ſome conquer'd hoſt retreats in fear,
The braveſt leaders guard the broken rear:
Indignant they retire, and long oppoſe
Superior armies that around them cloſe;
Still ſhield the flanks, the routed ſquadrons join,
And guide the flight in one embodied line.
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods, that laſh her to the ſhore.
As ſome benighted traveller, thro' the ſhade,
Explores the devious path with heart diſmay'd;

Ver. 390. The quarter is the hinder part of a ſhip's ſide; or that part which is near the ſtern.

While prowling ſavages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop th' audacious ſeas aſpire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As ſome fell conqueror, frantic with ſucceſs,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and diſtreſs;
So, while the wat'ry wilderneſs he roams,
Incens'd to ſevenfold rage the tempeſt foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill thro' the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders wafted from the burning zone,
Growl, from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
The ſhip's high battlements, to either ſide
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unhing'd, in palſied languors play,
As ice diſſolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The ſkies, aſunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail deſcends in whirling ſhower.
High on the maſts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.

Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable ſhade ;
Now, flaſhing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erſpread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet ſounded o'er its head.
It ſeem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the ſkies combin'd ;
And here, to one ill-fated ſhip oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine diſclos'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he ſprings,
Th' inflaming ſulphur flaſhing from his wings!—
Hark! his ſtrong voice the diſmal ſilence breaks ;
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge ;
And blue on deck their blazing ſides diſcharge :
There, all-aghaſt, the ſhivering wretches ſtood ;
While chill ſuſpenſe and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge burſts the living flame,
And dread concuſſion rends the ethereal frame.

Sick Earth convulſive groans from ſhore to ſhore
And Nature ſhuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the ſad proſpect riſes on my ſight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful ſhade and light;
Swift thro' my pulſes glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers ſtrives in vain,
The glowing ſcene unequal to ſuſtain.
But lo! at laſt, from tenfold darkneſs born,
Forth iſſues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, ſacred viſion! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature ſmiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ſhip that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope deſcry'd.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates ſee
The hills of Greece, emerging on the lee.
So the loſt lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his boſom torn,

The nymph ador'd reſigns her blooming charms,
To bleſs with love ſome happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That ſaw him parting, never to return,
Herſelf in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial ſource of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our ſight!
Go, with thy ſmile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the ſcenes where health and pleaſure reign:
But let not here, in ſcorn, thy wanton beam
Inſult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
While ſhoreward now the bounding veſſel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs ariſe:
High o'er the reſt a pointed crag is ſeen,
That hung projecting o'er a moſſy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their ſkill relentleſs fates oppoſe:
For, while more eaſtward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.

While, as ſhe wheels, unable to ſubdue
Her ſallies, ſtill they dread her broaching-to.
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven ſide could bear th' invading ſea;
And if the following ſurge ſhe ſcuds before,
Headlong ſhe runs upon the dreadful ſhore:
A ſhore where ſhelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in ſecret ambuſh lurks around.—
Far leſs diſmay'd, Anchiſes' wand'ring ſon
Was ſeen the ſtraits of Sicily to ſhun:
When Palinurus, from the helm, deſcry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eaſtern ſide;
While in the weſt, with hideous yawn diſclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd.
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track purſu'd.

Ver. 485. Broaching-to, is a ſudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ſhip, whilſt ſcudding or ſailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her ſide to windward. It is generally occaſioned by the difficulty of ſteering her, or by ſome diſaſter happening to the machinery of the helm. See the laſt note of the ſecond Canto.

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. Engd by I. Parker.

*O'er her soft Frame shall stern Diseases creep,*
*And give the lovely Victim to the Tomb.*
*Relentless Frenzy shall the Father sting.*

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JUL

Thus, while to right and left deſtruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring veſſel flies.
With boundleſs involution, burſting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-daſhing ſurges roar;
Hoarſe thro' each winding creek the tempeſt raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves;
Deſtruction round th' inſatiate coaſt prepares,
To cruſh the trembling ſhip, unnumber'd ſnares.
But haply now ſhe 'ſcapes the fatal ſtrand,
Tho' ſcarce ten fathoms diſtant from the land;
Swift as the weapon iſſuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haſte,
As on the tempeſt's wing, the iſle ſhe paſt.
With longing eyes and agony of mind,
The ſailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe, with India's richeſt ore,
A ſafe acceſſion to that barren ſhore!
When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Loſt to the cheerful commerce of mankind,

The groaning captive waſtes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his boſom agonize,
When far above the ſacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
For ſcenes he never ſhall poſſeſs again.

But now Athenian mountains they deſcry,
And o'er the ſurge Colonna frowns on high;
Beſide the cape's projecting verge are plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
Firſt planted by Devotion to ſuſtain,
In elder times, Tritonia's ſacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with mad'ning rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The ſickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feveriſh weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flaſh, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmſman with eternal night:

RODMOND, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compaſſion gaz'd upon the blind:
And, while around his ſad companions croud,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the ſhroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only ſuccour on the maſt relies!—
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now ſcarce ſubdu'd the wild unbridled courſe:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel ARION came,
The ſhip's tempeſtuous ſallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he ſaw her, o'er the ſounding foam
Upborne, to right and left diſtracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale diſmay,
When, mounted in the flaming car of day,
With raſh and impious hand the ſtripling try'd
Th' immortal courſers of the ſun to guide.—
The veſſel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate ſpurs her on:—thus iſſuing from afar,
Advances to the ſun ſome blazing ſtar;'

And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated courſe,
With mournful look the ſeamen ey'd the ſtrand,
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers paſt,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the laſt.
Now, on the trembling ſhrouds, before, behind,
In mute ſuſpenſe they mount into the wind.—
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment ſeem'd to bring;
The fatal ſiſters on the ſurge before,
Yok'd their infernal horſes to the prore.—
The ſteerſmen now received their laſt command,
To wheel the veſſel ſidelong to the ſtrand.
Twelve ſailors, on the foremaſt who depend,
High on the platform of the top aſcend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down preſt by wat'ry weight the bowſprit bends,
And from above the ſtem deep-craſhing rends.

Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremaſt totters, unſuſtain'd on high:
And now the ſhip, fore-lifted by the ſea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful ſtay
Drags the main topmaſt from its poſt away.
Flung from the maſt, the ſeamen ſtrive in vain
Thro' hoſtile floods their veſſel to regain;
The waves they buffet, till bereft of ſtrength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hoſtile waters cloſe around their head,
They ſink for ever, number'd with the dead!
Thoſe who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their loſt companions' fate.
The heart, that bleeds with ſorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendſhip to bemoan.—
ALBERT and RODMOND and PALEMON here,
With young ARION, on the maſt appear;
Even they, amid th' unſpeakable diſtreſs,
In every look diſtracting thoughts confeſs,

In every vein the refluent blood congeals;
And every boſom fatal terror feels.
Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent ſhore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where ſad deſpair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breaſt,
While Fancy views the manſions of the bleſt.
For Heaven's ſweet help, their ſuppliant cries implore;
But Heaven relentleſs deigns to help no more!

And now, laſh'd on by deſtiny ſevere,
With horror fraught, the dreadful ſcene drew near!
The ſhip hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks riſe, and breakers roar beneath!—
In vain, alas! the ſacred ſhades of yore
Would arm the mind with philoſophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the lateſt breath,
To ſmile ſerene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's ſelf, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyſs had ſhudder'd to behold.

Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wiſeſt of the ſons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this ſcene of phrenzy and diſtreſs,
His ſoul had trembled to its laſt receſs!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above,
This laſt tremendous ſhock of Fate to prove.
The tottering frame of reaſon yet ſuſtain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious ſeas inſult the yard;
High o'er the ſhip they throw a horrid ſhade,
And o'er her burſt, in terrible caſcade.
Uplifted on the ſurge, to heaven ſhe flies,
Her ſhatter'd top half-buried in the ſkies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps reſound!
Her giant-bulk the dread concuſſion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows—

Again ſhe plunges! hark! a ſecond ſhock
Tears her ſtrong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of Death, with diſmal cries,
The fated victims ſhuddering roll their eyes,
In wild deſpair; while yet another ſtroke,
With deep convulſion, rends the ſolid oak:
Till like the mine, in whoſe infernal cell
The lurking dæmons of deſtruction dwell,
At length aſunder torn, her frame divides;
And craſhing ſpreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to ſympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the ſmooth and mournful verſe to dreſs
In all the pomp of exquiſite diſtreſs!
Then too ſeverely taught by cruel Fate,
To ſhare in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrival'd ſtrains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward ſhore.

As o'er the ſurge the ſtooping main-maſt hung,
Still on the rigging thirty ſeamen clung;

Some, ſtruggling, on a broken crag were caſt,
And there by oozy tangles grappled faſt,
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat wiah their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their ſlippery hold, and ſink to ſhades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with PALEMON on their ſkill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts deſcend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who ſeems in agony to ſtrive,
The whirling breakers heave on ſhore alive;
The reſt a ſpeedier end of anguiſh knew,
And preſt the ſtony beech, a lifeleſs crew!

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What ſcenes of miſery torment thy view!
What painful ſtruggles of thy dying crew!

Thy periſh'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erſpread with corſes; red with human blood!
So, pierc'd with anguiſh, hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, ſevereſt ſorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering ſteel.
Thus with his helpleſs partners to the laſt,
Sad refuge! ALBERT hugs the floating maſt;
His ſoul could yet ſuſtain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath ſuperior woe;
For now ſoft nature's ſympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful ſtrain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never ſhall return;
To black Adverſity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardſhips unforeſeen enclos'd:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to ſuccour and defend:
By youth and indigence ſet forth a prey
To lawleſs guilt, that flatters to betray.—

While theſe reflections rack his feeling mind,
RODMOND, who hung beſide, his graſp reſign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outſtretch'd arms the maſter's legs infold—
Sad ALBERT feels the diſſolution near,
And ſtrives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For Death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The guſhing ſtreams roll back th' unfiniſh'd ſound!
He gaſps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!
Five only left of all the periſh'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which ſhoreward drives along;
With theſe ARION ſtill his hold ſecures,
And all the aſſaults of hoſtile waves endures.
O'er the dire proſpect as for life he ſtrives,
He looks if poor PALEMON yet ſurvives.
Ah wherefore, truſting to unequal art,
Didſt thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! theſe rocks all human ſkill defy,
Who ſtrikes them once beyond relief muſt die:

And now ſore wounded thou perhaps art toſt
On theſe, or in ſome oozy cavern loſt;
Thus thought ARION, anxious gazing round,
In vain, his eyes no more PALEMON found.
The dæmons of deſtruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal ſhafts commiſſion'd fly:
And now a breaking ſurge, with forceful ſway,
Two next ARION furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gaſp! they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon th' eluſive weed!—
Another billow burſts in boundleſs roar!
ARION ſinks! and MEMORY views no more!
Ha! total night and horror here preſide!
My ſtunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell; and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the diſmal proſpect opens round,
The wreck, the ſhores, the dying and the drown'd!

And ſee! enfeebled by repeated ſhocks,
Thoſe two who ſcramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithleſs hold no longer can retain,
They ſink o'erwhelm'd, and never riſe again!
Two with ARION yet the maſt upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the ſhore:
Still trembling to deſcend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow;
Awhile they wait th' exhauſted waves' retreat,
Then climb ſlow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whoſe ſovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they ſhuddering ſtand,
Receive the languid incenſe they beſtow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each ſoul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardor of unequal praiſe;
In every heart diſmay with wonder ſtrives,
And Hope the ſicken'd ſpark of life revives;

Her magic powers their exil'd health reſtore,
'Till horror and deſpair are felt no more.
A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft theſe perils of the deep deſcry,
Rous'd by the bluſt'ring tempeſt of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the ſcene of ruin ſtood,
The ſurf with mangled bodies ſtrew'd around,
And thoſe yet breathing on the ſea-waſh'd ground!
Tho' loſt to ſcience and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Strait down the vale with haſtening ſteps they hied,
Th' unhappy ſufferers to aſſiſt and guide.
Meanwhile thoſe three eſcap'd beneath explore
The firſt advent'rous youth who reach'd the ſhore;
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpleſs, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is PALEMON;—oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in ARION's ſoul!

If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this ſole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
And ſhare the future good or ill unknown!
ARION thus; but ah! ſad doom of Fate!
That bleeding MEMORY ſorrows to relate:
While yet afloat, on ſome reſiſting rock
His ribs were daſh'd and fractur'd with the ſhock:
Heart-piercing ſight! thoſe cheeks ſo late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal ſhade!
Diſtilling blood his lovely breaſt o'erſpread,
And clogg'd the golden treſſes of his head;
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious ſtroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely ANNA, hung pourtray'd;
Th' unconſcious figure ſmiling all ſerene,
Suſpended in a golden chain was ſeen.
Hadſt thou, ſoft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him wreathing from the deadly blow,

What force of art, what language could expreſs
Thine agony? thine exquiſite diſtreſs?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes ſhall never ſee again!
With dumb amazement pale, ARION gaz'd,
And cautiouſly the wounded youth uprais'd;
PALEMON then, with cruel pangs oppreſt,
In faultering accents thus his friend addreſt.
" O reſcu'd from deſtruction late ſo nigh,
" Beneath whoſe fatal influence doom'd I lie;
" Are we then exil'd to this laſt retreat
" Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
" Ah! how unlike what yeſter-morn enjoy'd,
" Enchanting hopes, for ever now deſtroy'd!
" For wounded far beyond all healing power,
" PALEMON dies, and this his final hour:
" By thoſe fell breakers, where in vain I ſtrove,
" At once cut off from fortune, life and love!
" Far other ſcenes muſt ſoon preſent my ſight,
" That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.

" Ah! wretched father of a wretched ſon,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguiſh and deſpair!
" Such dire effects from avarice ariſe,
" That, deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wiſe,
" With force ſevere endeavours to control
" The nobleſt paſſions that inſpire the ſoul.
" But, O THOU SACRED POWER! whoſe law connects
" Th' eternal chain of cauſes and effects,
" Let not thy chaſtening miniſters of rage
" Afflict with ſharp remorſe his feeble age!
" And you, ARION! who with theſe the laſt
" Of all our crew ſurvive the SHIPWRECK paſt—
" Ah! ceaſe to mourn! thoſe friendly tears reſtrain!
" Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
" Since Heaven may ſoon thy wandering ſteps reſtore,
" When parted hence, to England's diſtant ſhore;
" Shouldſt thou, th' unwilling meſſenger of Fate,
" To him the tragic ſtory firſt relate,

" Oh! friendſhip's generous ardor then ſuppreſs!
" Nor hint the fatal cauſe of my diſtreſs:
" Nor let each horrid incident ſuſtain
" The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
" Ah! then remember well my laſt requeſt,
" For her who reigns for ever in my breaſt;
" Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
" The helpleſs maid to ſuccour and defend.
" Say, I this ſuit implor'd with parting breath,
" So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
" But oh! to lovely ANNA ſhouldſt thou tell
" What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
" Draw o'er the diſmal ſcene ſoft Pity's veil,
" And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
" Say that my love, inviolably true,
" No change, no diminution ever knew;
" Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
" Is all PALEMON reſcu'd from the wreck;
" Take it, and ſay, when panting in the wave,
" I ſtruggled life and this alone to ſave!

" My ſoul, that fluttering haſtens to be free,
" Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee;
" But ſtrives in vain;—the chilling ice of Death
" Congeals my blood, and choaks the ſtream of breath:
" Reſign'd, ſhe quits her comfortleſs abode,
" To courſe that long, unknown, eternal road.—
" O ſacred Source of ever-living light!
" Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
" Direct her onward to that peaceful ſhore,
" Where peril, pain and death are felt no more!
" When thou ſome tale of hapleſs love ſhalt hear,
" That ſteals from Pity's eye the melting tear,
" Of two chaſte hearts, by mutual paſſion join'd,
" To abſence, ſorrow and deſpair conſign'd,
" Oh! then, to ſwell the tides of ſocial woe,
" That heal th' afflicted boſom they o'erflow,
" While MEMORY dictates, this ſad SHIPWRECK tell,
" And what diſtreſs thy wretched friend befel!
" Then, while in ſtreams of ſoft compaſſion drown'd,
" The ſwains lament, and maidens weep around;

" While liſping children, touch'd with infant fear,
" With wonder gaze and drop th' unconſcious tear:
" O! then this moral bid their ſouls retain,
" *All thoughts of happineſs on earth are vain* *."

The laſt faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His boſom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And ſhades eternal ſink upon his eyes!

As thus defac'd in death PALEMON lay,
ARION gaz'd upon the lifeleſs clay,
Transfix'd he ſtood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the ſilent drops diſtill'd.

" O ill-ſtarr'd votary, of unſpotted truth!
" Untimely periſh'd in the bloom of youth:
" Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
" He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:

* ——————— ſed ſcilicet ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini; *dicique beatus*
*Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet.*
OVID. Metam. lib. iii.

" His tongue the dreadful ſtory ſhall diſplay,
" And all the horrors of this diſmal day!
" Diſaſtrous day! what ruin haſt thou bred!
" What anguiſh to the living and the dead!
" How haſt thou left the widow all-forlorn,
" And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
" Thro' life's ſad journey hopeleſs to complain!
" Can ſacred Juſtice theſe events ordain?
" But, O my ſoul! avoid that wondrous maze
" Where Reaſon, loſt in endleſs error, ſtrays!
" As thro' this thorny vale of life we run,
" Great CAUSE of all effects, *Thy will be done!*"

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpleſs few who yet ſurviv'd:
While paſſing they behold the waves o'erſpread
With ſhatter'd rafts and corſes of the dead,
Three ſtill alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful ſilence on a rock reclin'd.

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Three ſtill alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful ſilence on a rock reclin'd.

The generous natives, mov'd with ſocial pain,
The feeble ſtrangers in their arms ſuſtain;
With pitying ſighs their hapleſs lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal ſhore.

## OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

THE ſcene of death is clos'd, the mournful ſtrains
Diſſolve in dying languor on the ear;
Yet PITY weeps, yet SYMPATHY complains,
And dumb SUSPENSE awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But the ſad Muſes with prophetic eye
At once the future and the paſt explore,
Their harps OBLIVION's influence can defy,
And waft the ſpirit to th' eternal ſhore.

Then, O PALEMON! if thy ſhade can hear
The voice of FRIENDSHIP ſtill lament thy doom;
Yet to the ſad oblations bend thine ear,
That riſe in vocal incenſe o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle Maid ſhall weep,
While ſecret anguiſh nips her vital bloom;
O'er her ſoft frame ſhall ſtern diſeaſes creep,
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentleſs PHRENZY ſhall the Father ſting,
Untaught in VIRTUE's ſchool diſtreſs to bear;
Severe REMORSE his tortur'd ſoul ſhall wring,
'Tis his to groan and periſh in deſpair.

Ye loſt companions of diſtreſs, adieu!
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
The tempeſt now ſhall howl unheard by you,
While ocean ſmites in vain the trembling ſhore.

On you the blaſt, ſurcharg'd with rain and ſnow,
In winter's diſmal nights no more ſhall beat:
Unfelt by you the vertic ſun may glow,
And ſcorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful Maid, the ſprightly ſtrain
Shall wake, the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeleſs LOVE impart undying pain,
When far from ſcenes of ſocial joy you roam.

No more on yon wide wat'ry waſte you ſtray,
While hunger and diſeaſe your life conſume,
While parching thirſt, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blaſted roſe of health to bloom.

No more you feel CONTAGION's mortal breath
That taints the realms with miſery ſevere:
No more behold pale FAMINE, ſcattering death,
With cruel ravage deſolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's ſwelling ſtrain,
Unheard ſhall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hoſtile ſquadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue and hazards ſtill moleſt
The wandering vaſſals of the faithleſs deep,
O! happier now eſcap'd to endleſs reſt,
Than we who ſtill ſurvive to wake and weep.

What tho' no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crouds ſhall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your ſable bier,
Who ſadly liſten to the paſſing bell.

The tutor'd ſigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguiſh to the ſoul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends beſtow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What tho' no ſculptur'd pile your name diſplays,
Like thoſe who periſh in their country's cauſe;
What tho' no epic Muſe in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applauſe:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown,
With blazon'd trophies deck the ſpotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muſes crown
The ſlaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet ſhall REMEMBRANCE from OBLIVION'S veil
Relieve your ſcene, and ſigh with grief ſincere,
And ſoft COMPASSION at your tragic tale
In ſilent tribute pay her kindred tear.

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